



WE ARE THE DALEKS

BY JONATHAN MORRIS

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY

A Time Lord from Gallifrey.

MEL: BONNIE LANGFORD

A computer programmer from Pease Pottage.

SERENA PAGET:

F, 30. A career-minded young journalist, sardonic, bright.

ALEK ZENOS:

M, 40. A smooth, charming, unscrupulous businessman. As though he's stepped out of an 80s soap opera.

CELIA DUNTHORPE:

F, 60. Initially a mumsy, down-to-earth MP. Eventually descends into megalomania.

NILES BUNBURY: (also FRANK LEWIS)

M, 50. A cheery ex-public schoolboy become MP. Promoted beyond his abilities, gradually realises the error of his ways. / Rough-hewn trade unionist from Bradford. [Part One only]

BRINSLEY HEATON:

M, 25. A computer geek with limited social skills.

SHARI:

F, 40. A tough, hard-bitten, battle-scarred freedom fighter.

AFRID:

M, 25. A young freedom fighter, downbeat, fatalistic, edgy.

THE DALEKS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS

PLUS: NEWSREADER; POLICEMAN; FLEET LEADER; 3 X OTHER VOICES (SCENE 79 MONTAGE).

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PART ONE

PRE-TITLES:

1: EXT. LONDON STREET. 1987.

FX: PEDESTRIANS CHATTING. CONSTANT TRAFFIC. A CAR PASSES WITH 80S MUSIC BLASTING. (SOMETHING LIKE "JACK MIX II")

FX: TARDIS LANDS, DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

(EMERGING) Threadneedle Street, the City of London!

MEL:

(EMERGING) And the year?

DOCTOR:

(SNIFFS, AS THOUGH WINE TASTING) 1987. Early October.

MEL:

One year in my future.

DOCTOR:

I'd avoid bumping into anybody you know. That could lead to some awkward conversations. But apart from that, you should find everything's pretty much as you left it.

MEL:

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

DOCTOR:

(FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR) No?

MEL:

That office block over there, that's new. And doesn't it remind you of anything?

DOCTOR:

Now that you mention it. Tapering walls of steel and glass. With regular hemispherical protrusions.

MEL:

With a slatted mid-section and a dome on top. It's a Dalek! A skyscraper slap-bang in the heart of London... in the shape of a Dalek!

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

2: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: SPACESHIP WHOOSHES PAST, ENGINES BLAZING. INSIDE, IT HUMS WITH POWER. INSTRUMENTS BLEEP.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

Entering gamma quadrant. Rebel-held space.

FX: INTERCOM ACTIVATED.

MEL:

Commander Mel, calling all Hawk-ships. Set force-shields to maximum and scan for enemy vessels.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

Yes, Commander. Scanning meteoroid cluster. (FX: WARNING BLEEPS) Five enemy ships detected, Eagle class!

MEL:

Co-ordinates?

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

Two ahead, three behind. We've flown into an ambush!

FX: SPACESHIP HIT, SHUDDER.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

Shields down to sixty per-cent!

MEL:

Prepare for warp-jump.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

We can't, not in a meteoroid cluster. (FX: SPACESHIP HIT) Shields down to twenty per-cent.

FX: TWO EXPLOSIONS VIA MONITOR.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

Two Hawk-Ships destroyed! They're picking us off, one by one!

MEL:

We'll have to split up, I'll try to draw them away.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

We don't stand a chance. Our shields are down. One more hit, and we're done for!

FX: WARNING SIREN.

MEL:

Launch escape capsules.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

It's too late, (Mel) —

FX: RADIO DISSOLVES INTO STATIC. MEL HITS BUTTONS.

MEL:

Commander Brinsley. Commander Brinsley, respond!

FX: ENEMY LASERS. SPACESHIP HIT, SHUDDER, EXPLOSIONS.

MEL:

Oh no. Now it's only me left. Five against one. Well, if I'm going to die, I'm going to take them with me. Energy bomb!

FX: BLEEPING OF BOMB COUNTDOWN. LASERS, EXPLOSIONS. ABRUPTLY CUT OFF BY 'GAME OVER' JINGLE OF COMPUTER GAME.

3: INT. COMPUTER ROOM. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: FANS KEEPING COMPUTERS COOL. OCCASIONAL PIPE GURGLE.

MEL:

'Fairly adequate'. What sort of a score is that?

BRINSLEY:

Not bad for a beginner. You had them on the run for a while there.

FX: MEL GETS UP, RETURNS TO HER DESK.

MEL:

I can see why you spend so much time playing it.

BRINSLEY:

Beats sitting around waiting for someone to phone us with their problems.

MEL:

You could always do something more constructive, like reading a book.

BRINSLEY:

Reading a book verses playing Warfleet, the most realistic computer game ever? Not much of a contest!

MEL:

You call that realistic?

BRINSLEY:

Admittedly they shouldn't be called meteoroids, they're asteroids, but apart from that, it's totally convincing.

MEL:

(TO HERSELF) If you have nothing to compare it to. (TO BRINSLEY) Anyway, lunch break over, back to work.

FX: MEL TAPPING AT COMPUTER KEYBOARD. BLEEPs.

BRINSLEY:

What's that you're doing? That's the company accounts! Aren't they confidential?

MEL:

I'm just debugging the sorting algorithm, that's all.

BRINSLEY:

Oh, I suppose that's alright then...

FX: PHONE RINGS TWICE.

MEL:

Brinsley, are you going to answer that?

BRINSLEY:

You're the boss, you're the first point of contact.

MEL:

Fine, fine. (FX: ANSWERS PHONE) Hello, I.T. (BEAT) Have you tried turning it off and on again?

MUSIC LINK.

4: EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT.

FX: OCCASIONAL RIVER TRAFFIC. OTHER CUSTOMERS IN B/G.

DOCTOR:

(ARRIVING) Ah, Mel. Sorry I'm late. (FX: PUTS DOWN BAG)

MEL:

Doctor! What do you look like?!

DOCTOR:

(FX: PULLS UP CHAIR, SITS) I'm blending in.

MEL:

Blending in?

DOCTOR:

As a young-ish, upwardly-mobile professional.

MEL:

I suppose I should be grateful you stopped at the red braces, and didn't get an ear-ring.

DOCTOR:

I knew there was something I'd forgotten. It's important to look the part.

MEL:

Of an overgrown public schoolboy?

DOCTOR:

Of a stock market broker. I deal in futures.

MEL:

(AMUSED) What else?

DOCTOR:

Just give me a moment to get my personal organiser. (FX: FILOFAX THUMPS ON TABLE) So, Mel, what have you got for me?

MEL:

As you know, the building is the Zenos Tower, headquarters of the Zenos Corporation. Named after the mysterious Alek Zenos.

DOCTOR:

Why mysterious?

MEL:

Because he never leaves his office on the top floor, and he only deals with the great and the good. He's not even named in the accounts.

DOCTOR:

Interesting.

MEL:

He seems to have risen without trace over the last few years, becoming head of his own media empire.

DOCTOR:

Anything else?

MEL:

(FX: HANDS OVER PAPER BAG) These are the company accounts, all copied onto floppy disc. They've been buying up newspapers, publishers, radio stations. All through an intricate network of dummy companies to avoid the attention of the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

DOCTOR:

Most useful. I've made some inquiries myself, on the stock market. There is some concern about the Zenos Corporation.

MEL:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Because, as you said, Zenos have come from nowhere. For all anyone knows they're just another stock market bubble getting ready to burst.

MEL:

Except we know they do have backing. From the Daleks.

DOCTOR:

Have you seen them, Mel?

MEL:

In the tower? No.

DOCTOR:

No. This isn't like the Daleks at all. And that makes me nervous.

MEL:

Which makes me nervous.

DOCTOR:

So, Mel, anything else about this time that's different?

MEL:

Well, there's Warfleet, that's new.

DOCTOR:

Warfleet?

FLASHBACK TO:

5: INT. COMPUTER ROOM. [FLASHBACK]

FX: GAME IN B/G, DISC DRIVES WHIRRING. DOOR OPENS.

MEL:

Brinsley, what are you doing?

FX: GAME SILENCED.

BRINSLEY:

Nothing, Miss Bush, just... programming.

MEL:

Playing a computer game at work? I could have you fired.

BRINSLEY:

Are you going to?

MEL:

No. Count yourself lucky that it's my first day. What is this game, anyway?

BRINSLEY:

Warfleet. It's a new console, only came out a few weeks ago. It's well wicked.

MEL:

What's so 'wicked' about it?

BRINSLEY:

You get to fly a spaceship, go on missions.

MEL:

(UNIMPRESSED) Oh.

BRINSLEY:

But that's not all. You link up with other players over the phone using modems, so you all play at once.

MEL:

In different spaceships?

BRINSLEY:

Right, but flying together. You'd love it.

MEL:

I doubt it's my sort of thing.

BRINSLEY:

It's nearly time for lunch anyway. Go on. Live a little.

MEL:

Oh, alright then. (FX: WHEELS UP CHAIR) Budge up...

FX: BRINSLEY RESTARTS GAME. OUT OF FLASHBACK TO:

6: EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT. (CONTINUOUS)

DOCTOR:

Interesting. It sounds a little ahead of its time.

MEL:

It's way in advance of anything around when I left. But you should really talk to my colleague Brinsley Heaton, he's the expert.

DOCTOR:

(FX: JOTS NOTE IN FILOFAX) 'Brinsley Heaton' ... You don't like to play computer games, Mel?

MEL:

I don't like to be the sort of person who plays computer games.

DOCTOR:

So, this game is an anachronism. Is there any connection to the Zenos Corporation?

MEL:

They own the factory that makes the consoles. "UltraMega Tech".

DOCTOR:

Which surely can't be a coincidence. Well done, Mel. I – Are you wearing something different?

MEL:

I was wondering how long it would take you to notice.

DOCTOR:

I don't like to be the sort of person who cares about what people are wearing.

MEL:

It's for tonight. Alek Zenos is holding a VIP reception in the penthouse suite.

DOCTOR:

And you managed to procure an invitation?

MEL:

No, but dressed like this, is anyone going to turn me away?

DOCTOR:

I admire your initiative, Mel. But if Alek Zenos is working for who we think he's working for –

MEL:

I know. I'll be careful.

DOCTOR:

Don't take any chances. I'll meet you here, same time tomorrow.

MEL:

Anything I should be looking for in particular?

DOCTOR:

Anything out of the ordinary. I tried scanning the Tower but it just came up as a normal office block. They must be using some sort of cloaking pattern.

MEL:

Either that or it is just a normal office block.

DOCTOR:

(LAUGHS) Well, I suppose we shouldn't rule out any possibility — no matter how far-fetched.

MEL:

What about you?

DOCTOR:

I have these discs to keep me busy. Good luck, Mel.

MEL:

See you tomorrow. (LEAVING)

DOCTOR:

So. Warfleet...

MUSIC LINK.

7: TV NEWS MONTAGE

FX: FADE UP.

NEWSREADER:

... Celia Dunthorpe, the newly-elected independent MP for Pottersbridge, has invited MPs from all sides of the political spectrum to join her cross-party reform group, the 'United Modernists'. Responding to critics who have described the group as a vehicle for her own personal ambitions, Mrs Dunthorpe said: "Ambition is not a dirty word."

FX: IN B/G, A RECORDING OF A RIOT WITH EXPLOSIONS, POLICE CAR SIRENS.

NEWSREADER:

In other news. Violent demonstrations outside the Ultramega Tech Factory look set to continue. We go over live to our reporter at the scene, Serena Paget.

FX: WE CROSS TO SCENE – WHISTLES AND HORNS BUT NO RIOT.

SERENA:

You join me outside the factory gates, now closed to its former employees, dismissed without notice. The union is demanding the workforce be reinstated, but the Ultramega Tech management are refusing to negotiate. The result is a stand-off between pickets and police, who, as you can see, are prepared for another night of unrest. I have with me Frank Lewis, who has been leading the protest.

FRANK:

All we're asking for is our jobs back. We've been laid off without pay, without reason. All we want is a deal.

SERENA:

But what about the attacks on the police?

FRANK:

This was a peaceful demonstration, before the police started dragging people off and arresting them –

SERENA:

So you don't condemn the attacks?

FRANK:

I condemn any acts of violence, on all sides.

SERENA:

Thank you. This is Serena Paget, at the Ultramega Tech Factory in Bradford.

CONTINUES INTO:

8: EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE FACTORY. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: A FAIR WAY AWAY — PICKETS GATHERED AROUND BRAZIERS, POLICE HORSES SNORTING.

PICKETS:

(SINGING) We shall, we shall not be moved... [ETC, DIES AWAY]

POLICE OFFICER:

(VIA LOUDHAILER) Move along there. I said, move along...!

SERENA:

We're clear? Good. I don't suppose anyone could find me a coffee?

DOCTOR:

(SUDDENLY BESIDE HER) I can't offer you a coffee, Ms Paget —

SERENA:

(STARTING) What? Where did you— [spring from?]

DOCTOR:

... but I can offer you an exclusive.

SERENA:

Who are you?

DOCTOR:

You know this factory was taken over by the Zenos Corporation earlier this year?

SERENA:

I've heard rumours, but —

DOCTOR:

And doesn't it intrigue you, that just after all the workers were laid off, this factory was used to manufacture a new game console?

SERENA:

Why should that intrigue me?

DOCTOR:

Because you're a journalist. The question you should be asking is this: Why are they so keen to keep it secret?

SERENA:

Alright then. Why?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. I was hoping you might help me find out.

FRANK:

If she won't help you, I will.

DOCTOR:

That's very kind of you –

FRANK:

Frank. Until a few weeks ago, I was the shop steward.

SERENA:

And now you lead the picket line.

FRANK:

You can't just lay people off overnight. These men have wives and kids to support.

DOCTOR:

Never mind the politics, you said you could help me.

FRANK:

You're not the only one who wants to know what's going on in there. They say they've automated the production line but nobody's seen anything being taken in. No machines, nothing.

DOCTOR:

No?

FRANK:

The only things that get in are empty lorries – which come out again with full loads.

DOCTOR:

What about raw materials?

FRANK:

Nothing.

SERENA:

(INCREDULOUS) But they must be getting the parts from somewhere –

DOCTOR:

Quite the mystery, isn't it? Well? Is your curiosity piqued, Serena Paget?

SERENA:

We'd have to get inside, take a proper look.

FRANK:

Not a problem. I still have the keys to the back gate.

DOCTOR:

You've never thought to look before?

FRANK:

Never had a reporter with me before. And whoever you are.

DOCTOR:

Me? Oh, I'm just an interested party. Call me the Doctor.

9: INT. DOWNSTAIRS RECEPTION/LIFT

FX: GUESTS MILLING ABOUT.

CELIA:

For goodness' sake, man, don't you know who I am? Celia Dunthorpe. M.P. for Pottersbridge.

NILES:

(COMING OVER) Ignore the idiot security man, Celia. You can cut in with me.

CELIA:

Niles! Thought this might be your sort of thing.

NILES:

I should cocoa! A chance to press the flesh of Alek Zenos, the enigmatic multi-millionaire. I heard he started out selling suntan lotion.

CELIA:

I heard he started out selling stuffed vine leaves from the back of a cart.

NILES:

Either way, seems very much our kind of person. Maybe even a potential party donor.

MEL:

Even though you know nothing about him.

NILES:

I'm sorry, I don't believe we've been introduced...

MEL:

Melanie Bush.

CELIA:

Of...?

MEL:

Time and Related Disciplines Incorporated.

NILES:

Ah, I see, how... delightful. Bunbury.

MEL:

What?

NILES:

Niles Bunbury. M.P. for Tilmouth-on-Sea. P.P.S. to the S.O.S. for the D.O.E.

MEL:

Of course, I've seen you on television. I remember you were very impressive.

NILES:

Oh, do you really think so? That's most kind, I must say, you're a quite charming young lady yourself...

FX: GUESTS CHATTER AS THEY ARE LED IN.

CELIA:

Niles, the queue's moving. At last! (OFF, TO SECURITY) I'm Celia Dunthorpe. As well you know.

MEL:

The thing is, Niles –

NILES:

Leave it to me. (TO SECURITY) Niles Bunbury. This is Melanie Bush, she's my 'plus one'.

CELIA:

Quick, Niles, before the elevator goes.

FX: THEY SQUEEZE IN, HUBBUB AROUND THEM.

NILES:

Honestly, the bureaucracy.

FX: LIFT DOOR CLOSSES. THEY RISE.

MEL:

(QUIETLY) Honestly, my name should've been on the list –

NILES:

Don't worry about that. Can't have a pretty thing like you left out in the cold, can we?

MEL:

No.

NILES:

It's alright. I'm an old hand, I'll take you under my wing. Now, let's see what this shindig has to say for itself, shall we?

FX: LIFT DOOR OPENS. DALEKS GLIDE UP TO THEM.

MEL:

(SMALL GASP OF SURPRISE)

DALEKS:

Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!

10: INT. FACTORY STOREROOM.

FX: DOOR IS WRENCHED OPEN. ECHO ON VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS.

SERENA:

It's deserted.

DOCTOR:

Let's not jump to any conclusions.

FX: CLATTER AND CREAK OF SHELVES LADEN WITH PARTS.

FRANK:

Watch out, you'll have the whole lot down on us. The assembly workshop's through here.

FX: TRIES DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Be careful. Be very careful.

SERENA:

What are you talking about? What are you expecting?

DOCTOR:

The worst. Okay, Frank. Open the door. Slowly.

FRANK:

Right —

FX: FRANK OPENS DOOR. WHIRR OF CONVEYOR BELT AND LOW RUMBLE OF ELECTRICITY GENERATORS.

FRANK:

But... there's just a conveyor belt. No workers, no automation, nothing.

DOCTOR:

A conveyor belt carrying copies of the Warfleet game console. But where are they coming from?

FRANK:

What are you on about?

DOCTOR:

Look.

FX: THEY APPROACH AN AREA OF FIZZLING ALIEN ELECTRICITY.

SERENA:

What is that? Some kind of laser light show?

FRANK:

A fuzzy blue archway... leading to nowhere.

DOCTOR:

That's where the games are coming from. A time corridor.

SERENA:

A what?

DOCTOR:

They're being manufactured on another world, possibly in another time.

SERENA:

You think they're being made by aliens?

DOCTOR:

Very possibly.

FRANK:

Well, that would explain why they're not part of the union.

DOCTOR:

(SUDDEN) Get down, both of you!

FX: WHIRR OF APPROACHING DALEKS.

SERENA:

(WHISPER) What are those things?

DOCTOR:

(WHISPER) Daleks!

DALEK TWO:

Distribution vehicles have arrived.

DALEK ONE:

We must supervise collection. Humans are unreliable.

DALEK TWO:

I obey.

FX: DALEKS GLIDE AWAY.

11: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE.

FX: MILLING ABOUT, CHATTER, GLASSES CLINK, OCCASIONAL POPS OF CHAMPAGNE.

DALEK:

Would you like some vol au vents?

MEL:

No, not right now, thank you.

FX: DALEK WHIRRS AWAY.

NILES:

What are those things? Robots?

CELIA:

(LAUGHING) Either that or there are little men inside, pushing them around on casters.

MEL:

I wouldn't get too close if I were you.

CELIA:

Why not? They're rather amusing. Like Metal Mickey!

NILES:

Or Dusty Bin!

MEL:

Those attachments on the front, I think one of them might be a weapon.

CELIA:

What on Earth makes you think that?

FX: DALEK WHIRRS UP TO HER.

DALEK TWO:

Would you like a prawn cocktail?

MEL:

No, really, I had a big lunch.

FX: DALEK EYESTALK MOVES.

DALEK TWO:

Your appearance does not register.

MEL:

What?

DALEK TWO:

Who are you? Identify!

NILES:

Not again. She's my guest. Melanie Bush.

DALEK TWO:

(AS THOUGH NOTING NAME) Melanie Bush.

FX: A HUSH FALLS OVER THE ROOM. DALEK WHIRRS AWAY.

ALEK:

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Alek Zenos.

FX: LIGHT APPLAUSE.

ALEK:

Thankyou, too kind. Welcome to the Zenos Tower, home of the Zenos Corporation. I'm here as a representative, of a... foreign power. Allow me to introduce... the Daleks!

FX: DALEKS WHIRR.

CELIA:

They're called Daleks! Oh, how sweet!

ALEK:

When I say foreign power, that is something of an understatement. You may find this hard to believe, but the Daleks come from another planet.

FX: POLITE LAUGHTER.

ALEK:

You're right to be sceptical. But please hear me out. They are the force behind the Zenos Corporation. And I – on their behalf – have gathered you here to make you a business proposition.

NILES:

Go on. We're all ears.

FX: CHEESY CORPORATE PRESENTATION BACKING MUSIC.

ALEK:

The world is changing. In the next century, Earth will no longer exist in glorious isolation. It will be competing amongst hundreds, thousands of other worlds in the intergalactic market.

CELIA:

I do believe the fellow is as mad as a March hare.

MEL:

I'm very much afraid he isn't.

ALEK:

If the Earth is going to compete, it will need to attract investment. And that's what the Daleks are offering. Financial investment.

FX: CHEESY MUSIC ENDS.

NILES:

In the planet Earth?

ALEK:

No. Not the Earth. The United Kingdom. The offer is for your country to have favoured-nation status. The Daleks will deal with the UK, and the UK will act on behalf of the Earth.

CELIA:

(NOT TAKING IT SERIOUSLY) As a sort of middle-man?

ALEK:

Only one country can act as humanity's shop-window, and you are, after all, a nation of shopkeepers.

FX: POLITE LAUGHTER.

NILES:

Just to play along for a moment, what is the nature of this investment?

ALEK:

A good question. They offer their expertise, their technical know-how. The UK will become a hotbed of scientific research. But that's not all. The Daleks offer a cheap, secure supply of energy.

CELIA:

No more having to deal with trade unions and oil sheikhs!

FX: POLITE LAUGHTER.

ALEK:

Quite. In short, they offer the UK an economic miracle. A golden age, yours for the taking.

MEL:

And what do they want in return?

ALEK:

A cultural exchange. Through the Zenos Corporation, they want to invest in the UK's media outlets. After all, the UK is the country of Shakespeare, Gainsborough and Elgar. Our history and culture are amongst our greatest assets. – This, ladies and gentlemen, is once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. A partnership with another species!

FX: POLITE APPLAUSE. DALEKS WHIRR AROUND, CHANTING:

DALEKS:

Daleks invest and return! Daleks invest and return!

12: EXT. FACTORY YARD.

FX: WORKERS LOADING UP LORRIES AS OTHERS DRIVE AWAY. FRANK, SERENA AND DOCTOR WATCH FROM A DISTANCE.

DALEK:

(OFF) Workers will continue loading!

FRANK:

They're just loading up the boxes, no questions asked.

SERENA:

You'd think they'd ask a few questions, working for those... things.

FRANK:

With three million on the dole? You can always find scabs willing to cross a picket line.

DOCTOR:

Mr Lewis, we have far more to worry about than industrial relations.

SERENA:

Doctor, what exactly are these "Daleks"?

DOCTOR:

An unimaginably cruel and ruthless race, bred for war. Their only goal is the total extermination of all rival species.

FRANK:

So what are they doing in Bradford?

FX: A DALEK GLIDING IN FROM OFF.

DOCTOR:

Nothing good, we can be sure of – Frank, get down!

FRANK:

What?

DALEK:

Intruders detected. Exterminate! (FX: FIRES)

DOCTOR:

They've spotted us. Run! Ruuun!

FX: DOCTOR, FRANK AND SERENA RUN. 2 X DALEKS FIRE AFTER THEM, EXPLOSIONS ALL AROUND!

2 X DALEKS:

Seek, locate, exterminate! Seek, locate, exterminate!

13: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE.

FX: GUEST CHATTER, DALEKS GLIDING ABOUT.

DALEK:

Would you like some champagne?

NILES:

Cheers. (FX: DALEK POURS DRINK) I still don't believe a word of it. Any minute now, the top of one of those things is going to pop up, with Jeremy Beadle inside.

CELIA:

I'm not sure. Whether or not they're aliens, Mr Zenos was talking a lot of common sense.

ALEK:

(JOINING THEM) I'm glad you thought so... Mrs Dunthorpe.

CELIA:

Niles was just saying, he thinks this is all a prank.

ALEK:

Rather an elaborate one. Don't worry, I'll soon lay to rest any doubts you may have... And who is this?

MEL:

My name's Mel. Melanie Bush.

ALEK:

I don't recall that name being on the guest list. My secretary must have added you. Delighted to have the unexpected pleasure of your company, Mel.

FX: DALEK APPROACHES.

DALEK:

Alek Zenos. You are required.

ALEK:

Terribly sorry, if you'll excuse me. (LEAVES)

14: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: HUM AND BLEEP OF COMPUTERS. DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

ALEK:

Well, what is it?

DALEK:

Intruders have been detected in the Bradford importation centre.

ALEK:

What? Strikers causing trouble?

DALEK:

They have not yet been identified.

ALEK:

If they've seen what's going on, it doesn't matter who they are. They must be exterminated.

15: INT. FACTORY STOREROOM.

FX: DOORS SWING AS DOCTOR AND CO RUN IN. DALEKS IN DISTANCE, PURSUING BUT NOT FIRING.

DALEKS:

Seek! Locate! Exterminate!

DOCTOR:

In here! We'll have to try to get out the way we came in.

SERENA:

Those things are trying to kill us!

DOCTOR:

Well done for spotting that, I can tell you're a journalist.

FRANK:

Maybe we could push the shelves on top of them. There's enough junk here to –

FX: DALEK BURST THROUGH STOREROOM DOORS.

DALEK:

Intruders located!

FRANK:

Oh no.

DOCTOR:

Out of the way, Frank.

DALEK:

Intruders must be exterminated.

DOCTOR:

(TO DALEK) Wait! (BEAT) Don't you recognise me?

DALEK:

You are an intruder.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'm far more than that. I'm the Doctor.

DALEK:

Physiognomy does not match records. Physiology does match records. You are the Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I knew you'd get there eventually.

DALEK:

You are an enemy of the Daleks. You must be exterminated.

DOCTOR:

Don't you want to interrogate me first? You must have lots of questions you're dying to ask. Out of all the times I've defeated you, which time was my favourite?

DALEK:

You must be exterminated.

FRANK:

Oh no you don't, you... (PUSHING SHELVES) ... strike-breaker!

FX: FRANK PUSHES METAL SHELVES FORWARD.

DALEK:

Storage units collapsing! Retreat –

FX: LOUD CLATTER AS SHELVES FALL LIKE DOMINOS, BURYING DALEK IN JUNK. IT TRIES TO MOVE, BUT IS STUCK.

DALEK:

My movement is impaired. (WHIRR) My weapon is unimpaired.

FRANK:

What? No. No!

FX: EXTERMINATION RAY.

FRANK:

(SCREAMS, DIES)

FX: FRANK FALLS AMIDST JUNK. SIDE DOOR OPENED.

SERENA:

He – he's dead...!

DOCTOR:

Quickly, Serena. While the Dalek's jammed in! (BOTH EXIT)

FX: SIDE DOOR SLAMMED. DALEK ATTEMPTS TO MOVE SHELVES AND BOXES THAT HAVE FALLEN ON TOP OF IT.

DALEK:

Doctor and human female are escaping. Unable to pursue. My movement is impaired. Assistance required!

16: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

DALEK:

One intruder has been exterminated. The others have escaped.

ALEK:

I told you we should've used human guards.

DALEK:

One of the intruders has been identified. It was the Doctor.

ALEK:

Well, that changes everything, doesn't it? Inform the Emperor.
Now, if you don't mind, I have guests to attend to.

DALEK:

Human dissidents are blocking the entrance to the plant,
preventing distribution vehicles from leaving.

ALEK:

(AMUSED PARTING SHOT) Well, you know what to do about that,
don't you?

17: EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE FACTORY.

FX: AS BEFORE. DOCTOR AND SERENA ARRIVE, KEEPING QUIET.

SERENA:

That Dalek — it killed Frank with a death ray.

DOCTOR:

I doubt he's the first. And he won't be the last.

SERENA:

Is that all you can say?

DOCTOR:

Do you have a car?

SERENA:

What?

DOCTOR:

I need to get back to London. We know the Zenos Corporation is behind this. A friend of mine is attending a V.I.P. reception at the Zenos Tower.

SERENA:

You're asking for a lift?

DOCTOR:

And on the way, I'll tell you everything I know.

FX: FACTORY GATES UNCHAINED AND OPENED. A TRUCK DRIVES UP, HONKING HORN. STRIKERS JEER: "SCAB!" ETC.

SERENA:

The trucks are trying to get out, they'll never manage it.

DOCTOR:

Not without a fight.

FX: ALIEN SCREECHING VIA TANNOY, DRONING, WAILING SOUND, SHARP. LIKE DOCTOR WHO CLIFFHANGER STING.

SERENA:

(OVER DIN) What the hell is that!?

DOCTOR:

Cover your ears. Cover them!

SERENA:

Alright.

FX: SCREECHING FADES. LORRY HONKS. STRIKERS YELLING MORE FERVENTLY. HORSES SNORT AND STAMP.

PICKETS:

(AGGRESSIVE SINGING) We shall, we shall not be moved [ETC]

POLICE OFFICER:

(VIA LOUDHAILER) Clear the way! Move along...! (ANGRIER) Move along!!!

SERENA:

What's going on?

DOCTOR:

Keep back.

PICKETS:

(JEERING) Fascists! Filth!

POLICE OFFICER:

(VIA LOUDHAILER) Clear the way! Move along! You lowlives, move along!

PICKETS:

(CHANT) Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough!

POLICE OFFICER:

(VIA LOUDHAILER) You hear them, lads?! Clear these animals! These subhumans! Move them along!

FX: POLICE YELL, CHARGING. HORSES CHARGE. STRIKERS START THROWING BRICKS.

SERENA:

This is madness! What's got into them?

DOCTOR:

What's got into them indeed...

FX: A FULL-BLOWN RIOT.

SERENA:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

That sound you heard must've been some kind of mental conditioning, making them act against everything they believe in!

FX: TRUCKS PULL OUT.

SERENA:

The trucks are getting out!

DOCTOR:

And once they're clear, the effect will wear off, everyone will go back to normal, and it will all blow over. Isn't this what you came here for? To report on a riot?

SERENA:

No. No, I didn't want this.

DOCTOR:

Then take me back to London.

18: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE.

FX: HUBBUB.

ALEK:

(RETURNING) Ladies and gentlemen and Honourable Members, please forgive me for keeping you waiting. In the world of business, there is always a last-minute crisis.

FX: POLITE LAUGHTER.

ALEK:

Anyway, you're probably all asking yourselves, what this Zenos chap says is all very well, but alien worlds? Intergalactic markets? Isn't that all a bit... far-fetched? A bit... science fiction?

FX: POLITE LAUGHTER.

NILES:

You said it!

ALEK:

So let me give you all the proof you need. (TO DALEKS) Activate time corridor!

FX: A FLASH AND HUM OF POWER, CRACKLING ELECTRICITY.

DALEK:

Time corridor activated.

FX: GUESTS AWED, CONCERNED, INTIMIDATED. NOT LAUGHING ANYMORE!

ALEK:

Follow me through this archway, and I'll show you a vision of the UK's future in partnership with the Daleks.

DALEK:

Guests will enter time corridor.

FX: GUESTS START MOVING THROUGH, CAUTIOUS, NERVOUS LAUGHTER. EACH VANISHING WITH A WHOOSH AND CRACKLE.

ALEK:

Please, one at a time, there's no need to push!

CELIA:

Typical, wherever you go, there's always a queue. It's the 1970s all over again.

NILES:

Yes... I'm not sure about this.

MEL:

Nor am I.

DALEK:

You have nothing to fear. Enter time corridor! Enter!

NILES:

Alright, no need to get your knickers in a twist! Mel, you can hold my hand if you like.

MEL:

I can manage, thank you.

NILES:

A liberated woman? Very well. Righty-ho, here goes.

FX: THEY STEP INTO THE TIME CORRIDOR. WHOOSH OF AIR, WARPING OF TIME VORTEX.

19: INT. CAR.

FX: SERENA DRIVING. MOTORWAY AT NIGHT.

SERENA:

But how could it make the police do that?

DOCTOR:

It didn't make them do anything. It amplified primal emotions and base instincts that are normally buried deep in the psyche. Fear. Anger. Hatred.

SERENA:

But how?

DOCTOR:

My guess is, a focussed beam of hypnotic suggestion.

SERENA:

A "hypno-ray"!?

DOCTOR:

The effect is temporary, but given sufficient exposure it would make you think like them.

SERENA:

Like a Dalek?

DOCTOR:

That's what a Dalek is. A bubbling lump of hate. Would you mind if I used your car phone?

SERENA:

Go ahead. Good luck getting reception.

FX: DOCTOR DIALS.

SERENA:

Who are you calling?

DOCTOR:

My friend at the Zenos Tower. I'm calling her mobile.

SERENA:

(IMPRESSED) She has a mobile phone?

FX: PHONE GIVES 'NOT AVAILABLE' BLEEPS.

DOCTOR:

Yes. But she must be out of range.

20: INT. GUEST LOUNGE ON SKARO.

FX: HUBBUB OF GUESTS. ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN NEARBY.

CELIA:

Look at that sunset! It's as if the clouds are on fire.

NILES:

This place is like something from a Dan Dare annual! Everything that fellow was saying, about the Daleks... it was all true!

MEL:

This is Earth's future?

ALEK:

In a sense. This world is an example of the rewards of Dalek investment.

CELIA:

You're saying Britain could look like this? All glittering skyscrapers, palm trees and swimming pools?

NILES:

(LAUGHS) Not much use in our climate.

ALEK:

(LAUGHS) Oh, that's easily fixed. We have weather control technology.

MEL:

So what's the name of this planet then, if it's not Earth?

FX: A DALEK GLIDES UP TO HER.

DALEK:

Skaro. This is the planet Skaro.

MEL:

Skaro!

ALEK:

You've heard of it?

MEL:

(SHE'S GIVEN HERSELF AWAY) No, I... no, of course not.

ALEK:

Skaro is the Daleks' homeworld.

CELIA:

They live here?!

NILES:

Seems a bit of a waste if they sit in their tin cans all day.
Or can they nip out and sunbathe?

FX: GUESTS LAUGH.

DALEK:

Alek Zenos. You are required.

ALEK:

You must forgive me. Please, everyone. Refresh your drinks and
enjoy the view. It's a rare privilege to set eyes on an alien
world!

EXITS INTO:

21: INT. DALEK SECURITY ROOM.

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT. DOOR OPENS.

ALEK:

Well, what is it?

DALEK:

The Emperor wishes to speak to you.

ALEK:

I'm honoured.

FX: COMMUNICATION LINE OPENED.

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

Alek Zenos. One of the humans you have brought here has been identified. As a companion of the Doctor.

ALEK:

Really?

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

The female known as 'Mel'.

ALEK:

Well, of course. You don't think I'd allow her to come here by accident, do you?

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

Explain.

ALEK:

Isn't it obvious? With her as our captive, the Doctor dare not interfere.

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

You brought her here deliberately?

ALEK:

As soon as I heard the Doctor was at large, I double-checked the guestlist. Now we have his companion, he will have no choice but to submit.

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

The Doctor must obey the Daleks. Or she will be exterminated.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

PRE-TITLES:

22: INT. KITCHEN.

FX: SERENA MAKING BREAKFAST. RADIO PLAYING INSTRUMENTAL POP MUSIC — SOUNDS A BIT LIKE “PUMP UP THE VOLUME”.

SERENA:

Morning, Doctor. Sleep well?

DOCTOR:

No, but your couch was very good for sitting and thinking on.

SERENA:

I made you tea, is that alright?

DOCTOR:

Splendid, thank you. (TAKES TEA) Ow, hot!

SERENA:

Sorry. Still no word from your friend?

DOCTOR:

No. And it's not like Mel to stay out all night.

SERENA:

She sounds fun.

FX: RADIO MUSIC ENDS. NEWS JINGLE.

NEWSREADER:

Today's headlines. The police are still holding several protestors after the riot at the UltraMega Tech factory. The government has condemned the violence. In happier news, reclusive millionaire Alek Zenos this morning announced his engagement to computer technician Melanie Bush.

DOCTOR:

(SPRAYS OUT TEA IN SURPRISE) Mel!

FX: SERENA SWITCHES THE RADIO OFF.

SERENA:

Your friend moves fast.

DOCTOR:

Don't be obtuse, Serena. This is a message.

SERENA:

What sort of message?

DOCTOR:

A veiled threat, telling me that Mel is their prisoner and that they'll kill her if I dare to oppose them.

SERENA:

You got all that from that report?

DOCTOR:

It's how the Daleks operate. Take hostages, force their enemies to surrender. So that's what I have to do.

SERENA:

What?

FX: DOCTOR GETS UP, PULLS ON COAT.

DOCTOR:

Surrender.

MUSIC: OPENING THEME.

23: INT. GUEST LOUNGE ON SKARO.

FX: BREAKFAST. DELEGATES EATING, CHATTING. WIND CHIMES AND FOUNTAINS.

ALEK:

Good morning, Mrs Dunthorpe, Mr Bunbury. I hope you're enjoying your breakfast.

CELIA:

(EATING) Full English, no foreign muck, quite right.

NILES:

(EATING) Charitable of you to put us up for the night.

ALEK:

Not at all. Our pleasure. If you agree to our investment, you may, of course, have your own luxury apartments here.

NILES:

A holiday home on an alien planet! Certainly beats two weeks in the Algarve.

ALEK:

Although, of course, your own capital will be similarly transformed.

MEL:

You intend to fill London with loads of weird-shaped skyscrapers?

CELIA:

Not sure I'd approve, monstrous carbuncles and all that.

ALEK:

Don't worry, it would retain all its architectural heritage. No. I was thinking your run-down estates and boroughs could be converted into luxury apartments. After all, your guests will need somewhere to stay.

NILES:

Sorry, what was that last bit? Aliens coming to Earth?

ALEK:

To do business. And enjoy your rich culture. London would be the greatest city on Earth, befitting its status as the capital city of Earth.

CELIA:

Now that I do like the sound of.

NILES:

One question, though. What if we turn down this offer?

ALEK:

We would be disappointed, of course, and would have no alternative but to offer the same arrangement to other nations.

CELIA:

You mean, you'd go to the French? Or the Germans!?

ALEK:

You are our first choice. With your membership of the European Union, NATO and the commonwealth, the United Kingdom is ideally placed to be the leading nation of Earth.

CELIA:

(TO HERSELF) The beating heart of a new British empire!

NILES:

Steady, Celia. Let's not sign on any dotted lines just yet.

ALEK:

Quite right. Now, I'm sure you're keen to see more of Skaro. So, if everyone's ready, shall we begin the tour?

24: INT. CAR.

FX: SERENA'S CAR PULLS UP. SHE SWITCHES OFF RADIO.

SERENA:

But why build a tower in the shape of a Dalek?

DOCTOR:

Isn't it obvious? They wanted to get my attention.

SERENA:

So what's to stop them shooting you the moment you walk through the front door?

DOCTOR:

My reputation. The Daleks will assume I'm up to something terribly devious – they won't dare kill me until they know what it is.

SERENA:

So you are up to something terribly devious?

FX: DOCTOR OPENS CAR DOOR.

DOCTOR:

No. But they don't know that. (CLIMBS OUT OF CAR)

SERENA:

Well, good luck.

DOCTOR:

There's a man you need to find, a colleague of Mel's called Brinsley Heaton. He's probably spending his Saturday at home. Here's his address.

FX: NOTEPAPER HANDED OVER.

SERENA:

Why do I need to see him?

DOCTOR:

Ask him about Warfleet. He's an expert. Goodbye.

FX: DOCTOR CLOSES CAR DOOR.

25: EXT. WALKWAY IN DALEK CITY.

FX: DALEK DRONE SHIPS WHOOSH OVERHEAD OCCASIONALLY. A UTOPIAN WORLD. LIGHT SKARO WIND. GUESTS MUTTERING AND CHATTING.

DALEK ONE:

Guests will halt and observe view.

FX: GUESTS ADMIRING VIEW.

ALEK:

In the distance you can see the Dramakin Mountains, just across from Lake Davien.

CELIA:

It's like... glistening sapphires.

NILES:

And what are those, in the sky? Personal flying saucers?

ALEK:

Dalek drone-ships. Pilotless craft, used for transportation and deliveries.

MEL:

Was Skaro always like this?

ALEK:

A very good question. The Daleks have perfected terraforming technology and can adapt any environment and construct structures with astonishing rapidity.

NILES:

(REALIZES) The Zenos Tower! That turned up practically the day after they got planning permission!

CELIA:

No unions, that's the key. No strikes to hold things up.

ALEK:

Given that we offer full employment and prosperity, even a trade unionist would be hard-pressed to find something to moan about.

FX: LAUGHTER FROM GUESTS.

NILES:

So are all the worlds that take up your offer like this?

ALEK:

Not quite. Other Dalek worlds specialise in manufacturing or service industries. But all are thriving, enjoying unprecedented economic growth.

MEL:

I don't know. In my experience, offers that sound too good to be true tend to be exactly that.

ALEK:

I'm sorry, I don't follow?

MEL:

You're promising the people of Earth – sorry, the people of Britain – wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, if they agree to let the Daleks 'invest'.

ALEK:

Yes, that's it, in a nutshell.

MEL:

So what's the catch?

NILES:

The girl makes a good point. What's in the small-print?

ALEK:

I can assure you, you have nothing to fear, the Daleks abide by all – (trade)

FX: DRONE SHIP SWOOPS DOWN.

CELIA:

I say, should that saucer-ship be doing that?

ALEK:

No, I'm not sure – (it should)

FX: LASER GUN FIRE. GUESTS PANIC, SCREAM IN TERROR.

DALEK ONE:

Under attack! Under attack! Exterminate! (CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING)

FX: DALEK RETURNS FIRE. DRONE SHIP APPROACHES.

ALEK:

Everybody, get under cover! For your own safety. Let the Dalek deal with this.

CELIA:

What the hell is going on?

ALEK:

Just a small... security matter.

NILES:

A small security matter?! That thing's shooting at us!

FX: DRONE SHIP DESTROYS DALEK AND STARTS LANDING.

MEL:

No. It was only trying to kill the Dalek, not us.

FX: ALEK ACTIVATES INTERCOM. ALARM SOUNDS.

ALEK:

Calling all Dalek patrols. Attack on observation walkway nine.
Send reinforcements.

DALEK: (VIA RADIO)

We obey.

ALEK:

Everybody, please, stay back, I promise you – (that)

FX: DRONE FIRES.

ALEK:

(HIT)

FX: ALEK FALLS TO GROUND. GUESTS REACT WITH HORROR.

CELIA:

Oh my word, it's shot him. (FX: SLAPS HIS FACE) Alek! Wake up!
Wake up!

FX: DRONE SHIP FINISHES LANDING.

NILES:

Mel, maybe we should do as the chap said –

MEL:

No, wait! Look! It's landed.

FX: SIDE OF DRONE SHIP OPENS.

AFRID:

Statue-still! All of you! Or we'll shoot again.

MEL:

We're not moving, we're not moving!

SHARI:

You two, the Earthgirl and the Earthman.

NILES:

Do you mean us?

SHARI:

You're coming with us.

FX: SHARI STARTS PRESSING BUTTON ON PORTABLE DEVICE.

AFRID:

Unless you want to get killed?

MEL:

It's not high on my list of priorities, no.

NILES:

What do you want us for?

SHARI:

Explanations later. We have to get out of here.

MEL:

Can't you leave the way you came?

AFRID:

Not now the alarm's been raised, they'd shoot us down as soon as we were airborne.

NILES:

Then what, if you don't mind me asking, are you doing?

FX: SHARI FINISHES PRESSING BUTTONS, HANDS OUT BATONS.

SHARI:

Here, hold these.

MEL:

What are they? Relay batons?

SHARI:

Just don't let go whatever you do. Ready. And energise.

FX: AFRID PRESSES A BUTTON AND A TIMEWARP BEGINS TO FORM, THEIR VOICES BECOME INCREASINGLY DISTORTED.

MEL:

(OW!) What's happening?

SHARI:

Don't worry. It's just a portable time-warp generator.

NILES:

A what?

FX: DALEKS ARRIVING, GLIDING ONTO SCENE.

DALEKS:

Intruders in city. Exterminate. Exterminate. (CONTINUES IN B/G AS THEY APPROACH)

SHARI:

Prepare for temporal jump. Brace yourselves.

MEL:

What? Where are you taking us –

NILES:

Oh my word, oh my word –

FX: DURING THE ABOVE, THEY FADE AWAY, WHOOSHING, INTO NOTHING.
THE DALEKS ARRIVE.

CELIA:

I'm afraid you're too late. They've gone.

DALEK TWO:

Temporal residue detected. They have escaped through a timewarp.

CELIA:

And they attacked your ambassador-friend, Alek.

FX: DALEK EXAMINES ALEK USING SUCKER.

DALEK THREE:

His injuries are not fatal. He will recover.

CELIA:

But who were those people? And why did they attack us?

FX: DALEK STARES HER DOWN.

DALEK TWO:

They are enemies of the Daleks. They are Thals!

26: INT. DOWNSTAIRS RECEPTION.

FX: DOORS, DOCTOR ENTERS, WALKS UP TO DESK, PINGS BELL.

DOCTOR:

What, no reception? (ALoud) I expected to be expected!

FX: LIFT DOORS OPEN. DALEK EMERGES.

DALEK:

You are the Doctor. Do not move! Do not move!

DOCTOR:

Why? Are you worried I might have something up my sleeve?

DALEK:

You are the enemy of the Daleks.

DOCTOR:

I suppose you could say that. Considering the number of times I've defeated you. It's almost as if I can't help myself.

DALEK:

Move into the elevator. Move!

FX: DOCTOR DOES SO, FOLLOWED BY DALEK, DURING:

DOCTOR:

Oh, I can move again now, can I? – "Room for eight persons or less." Well, I suppose you count as persons. Or less.

DALEK:

You are to be taken to Skaro.

DOCTOR:

This lift goes all the way to Skaro?

DALEK:

There is a time corridor on the top level.

DOCTOR:

All for me? How kind. Shall I press the button?

FX: BUTTON PRESSED. DOORS CLOSE. LIFT ASCENDS.

27: EXT. SLAVE WORLD.

FX: FLAMING FACTORY CHIMNEYS, MINING MACHINERY, ENGINES, COUGHING AND GROANING SLAVES HAULING TRUCKS AND UNLOADING ROCKS. CHILLY WIND. MEL AND CO APPEAR.

NILES:

Oh my goodness, oh my – my breakfast! What happened?

AFRID:

You've been transported across space-time.

MEL:

By tumble-drier, or so it feels. So where are we now?

SHARI:

Callico Nine. One of the Dalek slave worlds.

AFRID:

Shari. A patrol will be here any moment, they'll have followed our time-trace.

SHARI:

You're right, Afrid, we should move. This way.

FX: THEY WALK ACROSS MUDDY DUCKBOARDS DURING FOLLOWING.

NILES:

Sorry, did you say 'slave world'?

AFRID:

This is the Daleks' economic miracle. Take a good look.

SHARI:

Once this planet was like your Earth. Rich in natural resources, home to a civilised race. Well, fairly civilised.

NILES:

And now it's all factories and ruins and... chain gangs?

MEL:

What happened here?

AFRID:

The Daleks made contact with one of the nations of this planet, offered to let them rule it.

NILES:

(REALIZING) Great Britain.

SHARI:

That's how they get a foothold. Then, gradually, over a period of months, they alter people's minds.

AFRID:

Make them think like Daleks.

MEL:

How do they do this, exactly?

SHARI:

Indoctrination? Brainwashing? The end result is a planet ruled by a nation that follows Dalek ideology, that acts like Daleks... That might as well be Daleks.

AFRID:

Happy to help the Daleks to asset-strip their world for all it's worth. All its minerals, its fossil fuels. The favoured elite rules, while the rest of the inhabitants become a slave labour force.

NILES:

And this is what the Daleks intend for Earth.

MEL:

I told you it sounded too good to be true.

28: EXT. WALKWAY IN DALEK CITY.

FX: GUESTS MUTTERING AMONGST THEMSELVES. DALEKS MOVING ABOUT IN B/G.

DALEK ONE:

Attention. All guests are to return to Earth. Follow to temporal transduction chamber. Follow! Follow!

FX: GUESTS FOLLOW DALEK AWAY.

CELIA:

Alek? Alek, are you alright?

ALEK:

(WAKING) I'm fine, yes. Fine. What happened?

CELIA:

Those... Thals, they... disappeared. With Niles and Mel.

ALEK:

(GETS UP) Right. Daleks, do you know where they went?

DALEK TWO:

Destination. Callico Nine.

ALEK:

You've informed the security services?

DALEK TWO:

They were alerted while you were unconscious.

ALEK:

Efficient as ever.

CELIA:

It was my idea. But what would the Thals want with them?

ALEK:

Who knows? There are always those resistant to progress, who seek to turn back the tide of progress.

CELIA:

Oh, we have them too, we call them socialists. That's what these Thals are?

ALEK:

They're an irritation, but in any free society such as ours, some dissent is inevitable.

DALEK THREE:

Report. The Doctor has been located.

ALEK:

He has? Where?

DALEK THREE:

He has entered the Zenos Tower and surrendered.

CELIA:

Sorry, who is this Doctor?

ALEK:

Another who seeks to prevent the Daleks expanding their trading bloc. (TO DALEK) Is he still in the Tower?

DALEK THREE:

He is being brought here. He is to have an audience with the Emperor.

ALEK:

I'll go and fetch him, shall I?

DALEK TWO:

He must be guarded by Daleks.

ALEK:

Of course, but I'd like to meet him.

FX: DALEK TWO GIVES HIM A SUSPICIOUS GLANCE.

DALEK TWO:

You may escort him.

ALEK:

Thankyou. Now, Celia, I'm afraid it's time you returned to Earth with the other guests –

CELIA:

Not on your Nelly. I want to meet this Emperor of yours.

ALEK:

What?

CELIA:

I haven't come all this way to speak with the monkey when I could be talking to the organ-grinder!

29: EXT. SLAVE WORLD.

FX: CLIMBING ACROSS RUBBLE. THUNDER, WIND, RAIN.

MEL:

So, Niles, what do you think of the Daleks' offer now?

NILES:

Excuse me, I haven't signed up for anything. I thought this intergalactic market sounded fishy, we're better off going it alone if you ask me.

MEL:

Shari, where exactly are you taking us?

SHARI:

You'll see soon enough.

MEL:

We haven't been introduced, by the way. My name's Mel.

SHARI:

We know who you are.

MEL:

You do?

SHARI:

You're a companion of the Doctor.

MEL:

Oh. You know about the Doctor.

SHARI:

Of him. He's helped our kind in the past.

NILES:

'Our kind'? What kind are you?

AFRID:

Thals.

NILES:

You're from this planet?

AFRID:

No. We're from Skaro. Our forefathers were. Now the only Thals on Skaro are slaves.

NILES:

I didn't see any slaves when I was there.

AFRID:

Of course not. The people who clean the streets are kept out of sight in a labour camp in sector twelve.

MEL:

So why did you bring us here?

SHARI:

To show you this. And help the Doctor.

MEL:

I don't follow.

SHARI:

While you were the Daleks' hostage he would be unable to defy them. But now you can both help us in our struggle.

MEL:

You want to get Skaro back?

AFRID:

That world is no longer our home. We just want to free the slaves.

NILES:

Ah, I'm not sure I want to get mixed up in local politics –

SHARI:

You already are. But you're welcome to stay here, if you wish.

FX: THEY HALT. SHE PRESSES BUTTON, SHIMMERING OF AIR.

NILES:

Oh my word, is that a spaceship?

AFRID:

What do you think? I thought Earthmen were intelligent.

NILES:

But it just appeared out of thin air –

FX: SHARI PRESSES BUTTON, ENTRY HATCH OPENS.

SHARI:

It was cloaked. Well. Are you coming on board or not?

FX: DALEKS ON TRANS SOLAR DISKS IN DISTANCE.

DALEK:

Fugitives located!

NILES:

Those things, they can fly!

DALEK:

Exterminate!

FX: EXTERMINATION BLAST, NEAR-MISS. DALEKS GLIDE CLOSER.

NILES:

I'm coming with you.

AFRID:

Then get inside, Earthman.

FX: DALEKS CONTINUE TO FIRE AS THEY RUN UP RAMP. HATCH CLOSES, SHIP TAKES OFF.

DALEK:

Enemy spacecraft ascending. Despatch drone-ships. Pursue and exterminate! Pursue and exterminate!

30: INT. TRANSDUCTION CHAMBER

FX: TIME CORRIDOR, WARPING, SHIMMERING, CRACKLING.

DALEK:

Time corridor activated. Doctor arriving.

FX: DOCTOR MATERIALIZES.

DOCTOR:

Hello there. Are you the welcoming committee?

DALEK:

I am your guard. Move!

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN, LEADING TO CORRIDOR IN DALEK CITY.

DOCTOR:

I say, you've had the place redecorated. I don't like it.

ALEK:

(APPROACHING, WITH CELIA) Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Alek Zenos. Tell me. Was the company named after you, or were you named after the company?

ALEK:

Does it really matter?

DOCTOR:

Not particularly. I have an inquisitive nature. Which leads me to ask – who is this lady here?

CELIA:

Mrs Celia Dunthorpe. MP for Pottersbridge.

DOCTOR:

You're a long way from Pottersbridge, Mrs Dunthorpe.

CELIA:

Alek has been kind enough to show me the Daleks' home planet.

DOCTOR:

Very kind.

CELIA:

And I must say I'm impressed. If this is what Dalek investment can achieve, it's just what the UK needs.

DOCTOR:

(INCREDULOUS) Dalek investment? So that's what the Zenos Corporation is for. A Trojan horse!

ALEK:

We act as trade ambassadors for the Daleks..

DOCTOR:

Stooges, lapdogs, quislings. The Daleks can always find somebody willing to do their dirty work for them.

DALEK:

Doctor. You are to be taken to the Emperor. For interrogation.

DOCTOR:

Oh good, I have some questions for him too. Lead on, McDalek!

31: EXT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE/INT. HALLWAY/INT. BRINSLEY'S FLAT

FX: SUBURBAN STREET. BUZZER PRESSED.

BRINSLEY: (VIA INTERCOM)

Hello, yes?

SERENA:

Brinsley Heaton? My name's Serena Paget. I'm a journalist.

BRINSLEY: (VIA INTERCOM)

Haven't I seen you on the telly?

SERENA:

I've come to speak to you. About Warfleet.

BRINSLEY: (VIA INTERCOM)

Hold on.

FX: BUZZES DOOR. SHE ENTERS HALL, AS HE OPENS FLAT DOOR.

BRINSLEY:

Come in, I'm through here. Mind the bike... Did you say Warfleet?

SERENA:

I'm told you're an expert.

BRINSLEY:

What do you want to know?

FX: THEY ENTER HIS FLAT, HE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

SERENA:

Everything.

BRINSLEY:

Right. May take a while. Would you like a cup of tea?

32: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: AMBIENCE AS ESTABLISHED IN OTHER STORIES. DALEKS GLIDE ABOUT. DOCTOR LED IN.

DALEK:

You will enter the Imperial Chamber.

DOCTOR:

Delighted. (CALLS OUT) Hello there!

DALEK EMPEROR:

Doctor.

DOCTOR:

This is a great honour. For you. Allow me to introduce Mrs Celia Dunthorpe.

CELIA:

Your... majesty.

DOCTOR:

She's a Member of Parliament, but I wouldn't hold that against her. Now. Where's Mel?

DALEK EMPEROR:

Your companion's life is dependent upon your co-operation.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I thought it might be. But I'm not going to tell you anything until I'm sure she's unharmed. Well?

DALEK EMPEROR:

The human Mel is alive.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Much as I would like that to be true, you'll forgive me if I don't take you at your word.

ALEK:

Show the Emperor some respect, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I'm showing it as much respect as it deserves. (TO EMPEROR) Tell me, what's this I hear about you investing in Earth?

DALEK EMPEROR:

It is our new paradigm. To extend our influence through economic power. The power of the free market!

DOCTOR:

Doesn't sound very Dalek to me. Whatever happened to conquering worlds? Subjugating the inferior species?

DALEK EMPEROR:

War is inefficient. Daleks do not need to resort to it.

DOCTOR:

(TO CELIA) I hope you're getting all this, Celia.

CELIA:

Oh yes, it's all most fascinating.

DALEK EMPEROR:

The Daleks offer a future of prosperity. Of unlimited financial growth!

DOCTOR:

You appeal to their basest instinct. Greed! And that's what you're offering Earth.

CELIA:

Not the Earth, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

What?

CELIA:

They are very generously offering to make Great Britain Great again, as the Daleks' favoured nation.

DOCTOR:

As the Daleks' puppets!

DALEK EMPEROR:

We offer humanity the chance to realise its full potential. The Earth will become one of our core work-worlds, a centre for industry and commerce.

CELIA:

It may be a hard truth to face, Doctor, but if we're to compete in the intergalactic market, we have to attract foreign investment. Better the Daleks invest in us than take their money somewhere else!

DOCTOR

Good grief. Who needs Daleks when you have politicians?

33: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: SPACESHIP ROARING THROUGH ATMOSPHERE. INSIDE, INSTRUMENTS BLEEPING. BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHARI:

Leaving ionosphere and entering deep space.

NILES:

Now I'm an astronaut! This is turning out to be quite the morning.

FX: WARNING BEEPS.

AFRID:

Detecting five Dalek drone-ships on intercept course.

MEL:

I didn't think they'd give up the chase.

SHARI:

But this time we're one step ahead. (FX: INTERCOM ON)
Contacting Fleet Leader. Shari speaking.

FLEET LEADER: (VIA INTERCOM)

Eagle Leader. Receiving you.

SHARI:

We have rescued the Doctor's companion and are heading to meteoroid cluster. Have lured five drones after us.

FLEET LEADER: (VIA INTERCOM)

Then you know what to do.

SHARI:

Shari out.

FX: INTERCOM OFF.

NILES:

What was that all about?

AFRID:

There's a resistance fleet hidden in the Callico meteoroid cluster.

MEL:

Who exactly is in this resistance fleet?

SHARI:

Thals like ourselves, and a dozen other races that have reason to despise the Daleks.

MEL:

And – let me get this straight – you're planning on ambushing them in the meteoroid cluster?

SHARI:

It's a strategy that's worked before. Why do you ask?

MEL:

Because this whole set-up is suddenly feeling very familiar...

34: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME IN BACKGROUND.

BRINSLEY:

The consoles only came out a few months ago, but already there are thousands of kids playing at once.

SERENA:

Through the phone lines?

BRINSLEY:

Yes. It's toll-free, paid for by the Zenos Corporation.

SERENA:

The graphics looks better than most games.

BRINSLEY:

It's state of the art. I even opened the console up once. Inside, it was like nothing on Earth.

SERENA:

Maybe it is.

BRINSLEY:

What?

SERENA:

It doesn't matter. So, the game you're playing, what's going on?

BRINSLEY:

A rebel ship has escaped from one of our empire-worlds, and we've been ordered to pursue it into the meteoroid belt.

SERENA:

Where you'll destroy it?

BRINSLEY:

Well, yeah. That is the whole point of the game.

35: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

DOCTOR:

What about Warfleet?

CELIA:

Warfleet?

DOCTOR:

A game console distributed on Earth by the Zenos Corporation but manufactured by the Daleks.

ALEK:

Actually, manufactured on another of our work-worlds, where the labour costs are cheaper.

DOCTOR:

Let me guess. The games aren't games at all. They're a direct interface to the Dalek battle fleet.

DALEK EMPEROR:

You are correct, Doctor. The humans that play the game are guiding Dalek drone-ships against our enemies.

FX: HOLOGRAM ACTIVATED. DRONE SHIPS WHOOSH PAST ON IT.

DALEK EMPEROR:

See now, a squadron of drone-ships in pursuit of a rebel spacecraft in the Callico star system.

CELIA:

And when you catch up with them?

DALEK EMPEROR:

They will be destroyed.

DOCTOR:

But why? Why can't you pilot your own spaceships?

DALEK EMPEROR:

Our battle computers are logical. They lack instinct and intuition. Their decisions can be predicted.

DOCTOR:

(LAUGHS AT THE MEMORY) Oh yes, I remember.

DALEK EMPEROR:

We have found that human children are more effective than any battle computer.

DOCTOR:

(HORRIFIED) What?

ALEK:

They are the most effective strategists. They have a genius for war. A genius we are happy to exploit.

DOCTOR:

You're taking innocent children and using them as your killers!

DALEK EMPEROR:

They enjoy it. They find it amusing. Addictive. They are as good as Daleks!

36: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: SPACESHIP FLIES PAST, AS IN SCENE 2, THEN INSIDE.

SHARI:

Eagle Leader. Dalek drone-ships closing in. Heading into meteoroid cluster... Now.

FLEET LEADER: (VIA INTERCOM)

Fleet preparing to attack.

MEL:

What's to stop the Daleks sending more drone-ships?

AFRID:

If they do, we'll be ready for them.

MEL:

No. You won't stand a chance. I know what they're doing.

NILES:

You do?

MEL:

Those drone-ships aren't being flown by Daleks. They're being controlled by children, back on Earth. They think it's all a great big computer game!

37: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME IN BACKGROUND.

BRINSLEY:

Commander Brinsley to all Hawk-ships. Prepare to fire.

SERENA:

You're talking to the other players now?

BRINSLEY:

Yeah.

FX: FLURRY OF GUNSHOTS.

BRINSLEY:

Warning. All Hawk-ships. It's an ambush. Rebel fleet detected!

FX: EXPLOSIONS ON MONITOR.

BRINSLEY:

Two Hawk-ships down. Three. Four. Last man standing.
Reinforcements required.

38: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: SPACE BATTLE CONTINUES ON HOLOGRAM.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Reinforcements despatched. One thousand drone-ships warp-jumping to battle co-ordinates.

DOCTOR:

What you're doing is obscene. If those children knew the games resulted in real deaths, – (do)

ALEK:

Would they still play them? Why wouldn't they? War is a fundamental part of human nature. The finest moments in human history have been its great battles.

DOCTOR:

Every 'great battle' has its casualties, leaving wives without husbands, children without fathers, mothers without sons.

DALEK EMPEROR:

But there is no risk of human casualties. They pilot our drone-ships, free to kill without being killed.

ALEK:

It's the ultimate computer game, Doctor. Reality itself.

DALEK EMPEROR:

For countless millennia the human race has fought amongst itself. To no purpose. But now they fight for us!

39: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: SPACE BATTLE. DOZENS OF VOICES REPEATING 'COMMANDER (NAME) ON SCENE' VIA SCREEN.

BRINSLEY:

Just in time... reinforcements warping into gamma quadrant.

SERENA:

There's hundreds of them.

BRINSLEY:

Almost the whole hawk-fleet. (LAUGHS) Oh, this is going to be a massacre!

SERENA:

Wow. You really love this game.

BRINSLEY:

Who wouldn't? (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) Oh no you don't!

SERENA:

What is it?

BRINSLEY:

The rebel ship we followed into the cluster, it's trying to slip away. No chance. Locking onto plasma trail!

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

40: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: MORE WARNING BEEPS. LASER BOLTS, NEAR MISSES.

SHARI:

It's no good, they've spotted us!

FX: THEY'RE HIT. SHIP SHUDDERS.

NILES:

Can't you do something? Open another time-warp?

MEL:

We can't. Warp-jump isn't possible in a meteoroid cluster. We'd need to be in clear space.

SHARI:

You know a lot about space warfare.

MEL:

I have some experience.

FX: THEY'RE HIT AGAIN.

AFRID:

Shields down to seventy percent.

SHARI:

We'll have to fly deeper into the cluster, it's our only chance.

FX: CUT TO OUTSIDE, SPACESHIP ZOOMING PAST, DODGING LASER BLASTS FROM PURSUING DRONE SHIP.

41: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: SPACE PURSUIT PLAYS OUT ON THE HOLOGRAM.

ALEK:

Now you see how the Daleks deal with insurrection!

CELIA:

Quite right too. The rule of law must be maintained.

DALEK:

Dalek drone-ships engaging rebel fleet. Enemy fleet suffering greater losses.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Do not spare a single ship. They must be exterminated!
Exterminated!

CELIA:

Teach them who's boss. It's the only language they understand!

DOCTOR:

Oh, Celia. You really are quite mad.

42: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME IN B/G.

BRINSLEY:

Come on, you know the game's up. There's no getting away.
Nearly got them... Exterminate! (LAUGHING) Exterminate!
Exterminate!

43: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: THEY'RE HIT AGAIN. SHUDDER.

AFRID:

Shields at twenty percent. We can take one more hit, two at most, and that's it.

NILES:

Isn't there anything you can do?

SHARI:

Unfortunately that drone-ship doesn't want to give up.

MEL:

Can you open a communication channel to the drone-ship?

AFRID:

What?

MEL:

Can we contact them? Well?

SHARI:

I suppose we could try. Why? What's your plan?

44: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: BATTLE CONTINUING ON HOLOGRAM.

DALEK EMPEROR:

The rebel fleet is outgunned and outnumbered. They can only flee!

DALEK:

Communication detected from rebel ship.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Show me.

FX: FIZZ OF STATIC, AND THEN:

MEL: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Hello. This is Mel, calling everyone in the Hawk-Ships.

DOCTOR:

Mel!

MEL: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Listen. The game you're playing isn't a game. It's real. Real people are dying. You have to stop!

DALEK EMPEROR:

Is the communication reaching the drone-ships?

DALEK:

No. We have blocked the signal.

CELIA:

(LAUGHS) Oh, well done!

DOCTOR:

You told me Mel was safe.

DALEK EMPEROR:

No. I told you she was alive.

ALEK:

She escaped, Doctor, the rebels rescued her.

DOCTOR:

Now you mention it!

DALEK EMPEROR:

Her escape was futile. The rebel ship has no means of escape, no hope of survival. It will be destroyed!

45: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME.

BRINSLEY:

Just one more shot, that's all it will take. One more shot.
Come on... and fire!

FX: BUTTON PRESSED ON JOYSTICK.

46: INT. SPACESHIP. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: LASER BOLTS, SHIP IS HIT.

AFRID:

Shields destroyed. We're defenceless!

FX: MEL IS STILL USING RADIO.

MEL:

Please. Listen to me. You have to stop firing. You're being used, by the Daleks!

SHARI:

I don't think they can hear you.

NILES:

What?

SHARI:

The communication is being blocked. They have no way of knowing that they're participating in a massacre!

47: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: MEL VIA HOLOGRAM.

MEL:

Please. Whoever you are. You have to stop playing the game.
Please. I beg you!

FX: HOLOGRAM FADES DOWN.

DALEK EMPEROR:

She knows her communication is being blocked but keeps trying.

DOCTOR:

That's Mel for you. She never gives up, never surrenders.

DALEK EMPEROR:

And now she will die. Watch, Doctor. Watch, as your companion
is exterminated – at the hands of her own kind!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

FX: MEL VIA HOLOGRAM.

MEL:

*Please. Whoever you are. You have to stop playing the game.
Please. I beg you!*

FX: HOLOGRAM FADES DOWN.

DALEK EMPEROR:

She knows her communication is being blocked but keeps trying.

DOCTOR:

That's Mel for you. She never gives up, never surrenders.

DALEK EMPEROR:

*And now she will die. Watch, Doctor. Watch, as your companion
is exterminated – at the hands of her own kind!*

48: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: SHIP WHOOSHING PAST, AVOIDING SHOTS. INSIDE:

MEL:

*Please. Whoever you are. You have to stop playing. Switch off
the game now. Please. You have to stop – [playing]!*

AFRID:

It's no good, Mel, there's nothing we can do.

MEL:

*If only they knew we were real, and not just part of a computer
game. That's it! We have to do something that an enemy in a
computer game would never do!*

NILES:

Such as?

MEL:

Shari, bring us to a halt.

SHARI:

What? But that's suicide.

MEL:

No. We're surrendering!

49: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: BRINSLEY FIRING IN GAME, THEN STOPS.

SERENA:

What's happening, Brinsley? Why have you stopped firing?

BRINSLEY:

Because they have.

SERENA:

What?

BRINSLEY:

The spaceship I was chasing, it's just hanging there in space.

SERENA:

(LAUGHS) Maybe they've run out of fuel?

BRINSLEY:

No. Something's wrong. This has never happened before. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) Activating zoom-in scan. (REACTS) I don't believe it...

SERENA:

Oh my — Someone's holding a piece of paper up at the spaceship window! With 'We Surrender' written on it!

BRINSLEY:

Not just someone. That's Mel. My boss!

50: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: HOLOGRAM IN B/G.

DALEK ONE:

Enemy ship has halted and is not returning fire.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Order the drone-ship to destroy it.

DALEK TWO:

Written message detected in enemy-ship observation port.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Show me.

FX: HOLOGRAM ZOOM.

DOCTOR:

(LAUGHS) Oh, well done Mel! Well done!

CELIA:

'We surrender'?

ALEK:

But if they do that, everyone will realise it's real!

DOCTOR:

Yes, it will rather give the game away!

50: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

SERENA:

What do you mean, it's all real?

BRINSLEY:

Can you think of any other explanation?

SERENA:

But... it's ridiculous.

BRINSLEY:

(FX: BUTTONS) Commander Brinsley calling all ships. The rebel fleet has surrendered. Do not attack. Repeat. Do not attack!

51: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

DALEK TWO:

Communication being sent between drone-ships. They are ceasing their attack!

DALEK EMPEROR:

Explain!

DALEK TWO:

The humans are refusing to obey. They are discussing taking revenge against us. By fighting alongside the rebels!

DALEK EMPEROR:

Close the connection!

DALEK ONE:

Closing connection.

52: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME IN B/G.

BRINSLEY:

That's it. Ceasefire holding. We did it!

FX: ABRUPT GAME-OVER JINGLE AND SILENCE.

BRINSLEY:

What? What? No!

SERENA:

Looks like you've been cut off.

BRINSLEY:

That... that is so typical!

FX: HE HITS DESK.

SERENA:

But it doesn't matter, does it? I mean, the fighting was over?

53: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHARI:

I don't believe it. All the Dalek drone-ships – they've stopped moving.

MEL:

Yes, because they know we've surrendered.

SHARI:

No, it's not just that. They've been switched off.

NILES:

Switched off?

MEL:

The ships are operated by remote control, Niles. If that radio link is disconnected –

NILES:

Like those little boats you get in ponds. If no-one's driving them, they just sit there!

AFRID:

Then let's make the most of it. Shari?

SHARI:

(FX: BUTTON PRESSED) Calling all Eagle-ships. The drone-ships are deactivated. They won't fight back. Wipe them out! Repeat. Wipe them out!

54: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: HOLOGRAM RESUMES WITH OCCASIONAL SOUND OF LASERS AND SPACESHIPS BEING BLOWN UP.

DALEK TWO:

Rebel fleet resuming offensive. Ten drone ships destroyed. Seventeen.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Zenos. Using humans to direct the drone-fleet was your idea.

ALEK:

What? You can't hold me responsible for this!

DALEK EMPEROR:

Failure cannot be tolerated.

FX: DALEKS WHIRR UP TO ALEK.

DALEKS:

Exterminate! Exterminate!

DOCTOR:

No wait!

CELIA:

Oh my goodness...

ALEK:

It was my idea to use the humans, yes. But if you kill me you won't be able to save your drone-fleet.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Explain.

ALEK:

If you'll allow me to go to the network station, I can bring the drone-ships back to Skaro, under our control.

DALEK EMPEROR:

You can do this?

ALEK:

I think so, yes. But I'll need the Doctor's help, if I'm to save them in time.

DOCTOR:

Really?

ALEK:

I've been led to believe you're a programming genius.

DOCTOR:

Oh, yes, I am.

DALEK ONE:

The Doctor cannot leave.

ALEK:

Well, then your fleet will be destroyed. It's up to you.

DOCTOR:

I'm happy to co-operate, for what it's worth.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Zenos. You may take the Doctor with you. But if you fail or betray us – you will be exterminated.

ALEK:

That goes without saying.

CELIA:

Can I come too? Not that I'll be able to help, but it all sounds terribly interesting, boys with their toys!

ALEK:

I don't know, I – [don't think]

FX: EMPEROR EYESTALK MOVE. IT IS SUSPICIOUS.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Celia Dunthorpe will go with you. This audience is at an end.

ALEK:

As you command.

DALEK ONE:

You will leave. Move. Move!

ALEK:

(LEAVING) Come on, Celia. This way –

FX: DALEKS ESCORT THEM OUT. DOOR CLOSES.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Despatch a Dalek-piloted fleet to the Callico meteoroid cluster. The rebels must be destroyed!

DALEKS:

We obey.

56: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: SHIPS FIRING. EXPLOSIONS VIA MONITOR.

FLEET LEADER: (VIA RADIO)

Twenty drone ships destroyed.

SHARI:

Another one. Ready, Afrid. Lock on target. (FX: BUTTONS) ... And fire!

FX: WARPING. SPACESHIP SHUDDERS, CAUGHT BY SHOCKWAVE.

NILES:

What happened?

AFRID:

It warp-jumped at the last moment.

MEL:

The drone-ships, they're disappearing, one by one.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

AFRID:

According to their time-traces, they're being recalled to Skaro.

NILES:

They're running away with their tails between their legs!

MEL:

I wouldn't be so sure. I know the Daleks and giving up just isn't their style.

57: INT. DALEK SECURITY ROOM.

FX: AS BEFORE, COMPUTERS BLEEPING. BUTTONS PRESSED.

ALEK:

All drone-ships now back in Skaro space-time, in geostationary orbit above the Dalek capital city.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

DALEK:

What are you doing?

ALEK:

Just setting up a guiding navigational pulse. Doctor, if you could help?

DOCTOR:

Of course. Any particular frequency?

ALEK:

Oh, a thousand megahertz should do it. Now!

FX: THEY ACTIVATE A DEVICE. WHINE OF FEEDBACK, HIGH-PITCHED, WARBLING.

DALEK:

(LOSING POWER) Interference in sensor relay. Motor function impaired. You have betray... (OUT COLD)

ALEK:

Off!

FX: DEVICE SWITCHED OFF.

CELIA:

What have you done?

DOCTOR:

Just sent the Dalek to sleep.

CELIA:

What?

DOCTOR:

I assume that's why Alek brought us here. This room is shielded. So we can talk without fear of being overheard. So tell me, Alek. Who are you working for?

ALEK:

Why do you ask?

DOCTOR:

Because you've either been extremely clever or extremely stupid... and I'd quite like to know which.

ALEK:

Extremely clever.

DOCTOR:

So, you're working for the resistance, trying to bring down the Daleks from within.

ALEK:

The Daleks enslaved my world, killed my family. The only way I could survive was by co-operating... By pretending to co-operate.

DOCTOR:

Which world?

ALEK:

Kantra. Do you know it?

DOCTOR:

Yes. It's a tropical paradise, a site of outstanding natural beauty, home to a million unique species.

ALEK:

Not anymore. Now it's a radioactive slag heap.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I couldn't save you.

CELIA:

So, Mr Zenos, you're a spy? A fifth-columnist?

ALEK:

That's why I suggested the Daleks use humans to guide their drone-ships. Because it would just take a change of command, and –

DOCTOR:

And you could use them against the Daleks. You can bring them back under human control?

ALEK:

Not from here. But the link can be re-instated from Earth. There's a code that will over-ride the Dalek cut-out, then the drone ships will be controlled by the Warfleet game again.

DOCTOR:

And then what? You launch an all-out assault?

ALEK:

No. There are slave workers being kept in a labour camp in sector twelve. It would be a rescue mission.

DOCTOR:

Sounds like you've got it all worked out. What about Mel?

ALEK:

As soon as I realised she was your companion, I arranged for her to be 'kidnapped'.

CELIA:

So the Daleks couldn't use her as a hostage! You cunning devil!

FX: BLEEPING FROM COMPUTER.

DOCTOR:

What's that?

ALEK:

A Dalek fleet has arrived in the Callico system. The rebel fleet will have no choice but to flee. The Dalek fleet will pursue them into deep space –

DOCTOR:

Leaving Skaro vulnerable to attack from the drone ships.

ALEK:

The anti-Dalek league have been working on this plan for years. But it'll all be for nothing if you don't get back to Earth. Well, Doctor? Celia? Will you help me?

DOCTOR:

I'm in. Celia?

CELIA:

Me too.

ALEK:

But you seemed quite enamoured of the Daleks –

CELIA:

I was playing along. Do you think I'd be so stupid as to be taken in? They're a menace to society, anyone can see that!

58: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: DALEK SHIP WARPS INTO SPACE.

DALEK: (VIA RADIO)

Dalek assault fleet moving to attack position.

FX: OTHER DALEKS REPEAT THE ABOVE AS THEIR FLYING SAUCERS ZOOM PAST US. WE CUT TO THE REBEL SHIP:

AFRID:

They're warping in to finish the job themselves.

MEL:

There's hundreds of them. We don't stand a chance.

SHARI:

That's not part of the plan. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) Calling all ships. Relocate to deep-space rendezvous.

MEL:

Plan? What plan?

AFRID:

The resistance fleet will draw the Dalek fleet away.

SHARI:

Leaving Skaro an open target.

AFRID:

We're clear of the cluster, Shari. Free to warp-jump.

NILES:

(SLAPS KNEES) So let's get going, shall we?

SHARI:

No. You're going back to Earth.

MEL:

We are?

FX: AFRID PRESSES A BUTTON. TIME WARP AS BEFORE.

AFRID:

Generating time-warp.

SHARI:

We're relying on you, Mel. The moment the drone-fleet comes under human control...

MEL:

I'll do my best.

SHARI:

And Niles.

NILES:

Yes?

SHARI:

Warn your people. Warn them about what the future will hold if you let the Daleks invest.

NILES:

Oh, you don't have to worry about that, I shall make the point in no uncertain terms.

AFRID:

Energising...

SHARI:

Good luck.

MEL:

And you too. Good luck, Shari, Afrid –

FX: MEL AND NILES FADE AWAY DURING THIS.

SHARI:

Okay. Let's get the hell out of here.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

59: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

DALEK ONE: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Rebel fleet warping out of sector. Analysing time-trace.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Hunt them down and destroy them. Every last one.

DALEK ONE: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

We obey.

FX: VIA HOLOGRAM, DALEK SHIPS WARP AWAY. WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

DALEKS: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Seek. Locate. Exterminate. (CHANT CONTINUES IN B/G)

DALEK TWO:

Temporal residue detected. Two humans, time-warping to London, Earth. Identification scan... Melanie Bush and Niles Bunbury.

FX: ALARM SOUNDS. HOLOGRAM MUTED.

DALEK THREE:

Unauthorised personnel detected outside temporal transduction chamber.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Show me!

ALEK: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Here, Doctor...

FX: CROSS DIRECTLY TO:

60: INT. DALEK TUNNEL. [CONTINUOUS]

ALEK:

[...] The time corridor back to Earth is through that door. Do you know how to activate it?

DOCTOR:

I'm sure I can work it out.

CELIA:

You're not coming with us, Alek?

ALEK:

I'll follow, once you're through.

DOCTOR:

If you're sure.

FX: DOOR OPENS IN DISTANCE. DALEKS EMERGE.

ALEK:

(WHISPER) Shh — a Dalek patrol!

CELIA:

(CALLS) Over here! Alek Zenos has betrayed you. He's helping the Doctor escape!

ALEK:

What?

DOCTOR:

Celia!

FX: DALEKS APPROACH.

DALEKS:

Halt. Do not move. Halt or you will be exterminated. (REPEAT UNDER FOLLOWING)

ALEK:

(OVER PREVIOUS LINE) Go, Doctor. Go. Now!

DOCTOR:

But Alek —

ALEK:

Just go, go!

FX: DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR LEAVES, DOOR CLOSES.

61: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

DALEK ONE:

Time corridor activated.

DALEK EMPEROR:

The Doctor has returned to Earth. Dalek task force to pursue.
The Doctor must be recaptured.

DALEKS:

We obey!

DALEK EMPEROR:

And bring Alek Zenos to me!

62: INT. DALEK TUNNEL.

FX: DALEKS GLIDING.

DALEK:

Alek Zenos. You are to be taken to the Emperor.

ALEK:

Why not just exterminate me now?

DALEK:

Move!

FX: THEY WALK.

ALEK:

Celia. I thought you were on our side.

CELIA:

I'm afraid you underestimated me. As if I would ever join with 'rebels'. My allegiance is with the Daleks.

ALEK:

Betraying your own species.

CELIA:

On the contrary. I firmly believe we're far better off with the Daleks than against them.

63: EXT. HYDE PARK CORNER.

FX: BIRDSONG, TREES IN BREEZE, TRAFFIC. MEL AND NILES TIME-WARP IN.

MEL:

We're back!

NILES:

In Hyde Park, by the look of it.

MEL:

It's London, close enough.

NILES:

I suppose I could get a cab back to Whitehall.

MEL:

Good luck. (FX: MEL'S PHONE GOES) Sorry, that's me. Five Missed calls. Don't recognise the number. Check messages.

FX: MEL DIALS WHILE WE FOLLOW NILES TOWARDS THE ROAD.

NILES:

(CALLS OUT) Taxi! Taxi!

FX: TAXI PULLS UP. WINDOW WOUND DOWN.

NILES:

Whitehall, driver. Department of Energy. And step on it.

FX: NILES GETS IN CAR, DRIVES OFF.

MEL:

Niles, wait! The Doctor's in the Zenos Tower! (FX: SHE DIALS) Brinsley. I need your help.

FX: CROSS TO:

64: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: BRINSLEY IS ON PHONE.

BRINSLEY:

What is it? The Doctor?

SERENA:

The Doctor? The Doctor's on the phone?

BRINSLEY:

No, it's his friend – Mel. She says he's in terrible danger, that we should get to the Zenos Tower.

SERENA:

But he gave himself up –

BRINSLEY:

(INTO PHONE) Right, on our way. (FX: HE HANGS UP) She says she'll meet us there.

SERENA:

(PULLING ON COAT) Well, we'd better get a move on then.

65: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: DOOR OPENS. ALEK AND CELIA ESCORTED IN BY DALEKS.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Alek Zenos. You are a traitor.

ALEK:

My loyalty lies with your victims.

CELIA:

Typical liberal bleeding heart!

DALEK EMPEROR:

Explain. Why has the Doctor returned to Earth?

ALEK:

As if I'd tell you.

CELIA:

He's gone to take control of your 'drone' fleet. They intend to use it against you.

ALEK:

You realise you've just condemned thousands to death?

CELIA:

Oh, what utter tommy-rot. All I want is peace. You can't negotiate with 'rebels'.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Alek Zenos. You are condemned to immediate execution.

ALEK:

Kill me, and who will act as your ambassador on Earth?

DALEK EMPEROR:

You will be replaced. By Celia Dunthorpe. Exterminate.

DALEKS:

Exterminate!

FX: EXTERMINATION RAY.

ALEK:

(DIES IN AGONY)

FX: ALEK FALLS TO THE GROUND.

CELIA:

You want me to take over, from him?

DALEK EMPEROR:

You have demonstrated your loyalty. You will be chief executive of the Zenos Corporation.

CELIA:

I'm flattered, but I'm not –

DALEK EMPEROR:

You must return to Earth and locate the Doctor. Prevent his attack.

CELIA:

I will do my best to repay your faith in me. Thank you.

DALEK EMPEROR:

The humans Niles Bunbury and Melanie Bush have also returned to your world. They must be recaptured.

CELIA:

Oh, I'm sure that won't be too hard. (LEAVING) If you'll excuse me, I'll get started straight away.

FX: SHE DEPARTS.

DALEK EMPEROR:

The drone fleet must be destroyed.

DALEK:

Dalek fleet currently engaged in warp-pursuit. Only core unit available to disperse drone fleet.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Then recall Dalek fleet at once!

66: EXT. ZENOS TOWER.

FX: QUIET STREET, DISTANT TRAFFIC. CAR PULLS UP.

SERENA:

You work here at the Zenos tower?

BRINSLEY:

Yep, I have a pass-card, it should be good to get us in.

FX: THEY OPEN CAR DOORS.

SERENA:

(CLIMBING OUT OF CAR) Maybe we should wait out here.

FX: EXPLOSION INSIDE BUILDING. DOORS OPEN.

BRINSLEY:

What the — this Doctor fella, what does he look like?

SERENA:

Short-ish, about forty, has a — it's him! It's him!

FX: DOCTOR RUNNING TOWARDS US. DALEKS EMERGE FROM BUILDING, FIRING AFTER HIM.

DALEKS:

(PURSUING) Halt! Halt! Exterminate! Exterminate!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING TOWARDS CAR) Get back in the car!

SERENA:

Doctor, what's going on?

DOCTOR:

(AT CAR, BREATHLESS) No time to explain, get in the car!

FX: THEY PILE INTO CAR UNDER THE FOLLOWING:

BRINSLEY:

What are those things?

DOCTOR:

Daleks!

BRINSLEY:

Daleks?

DOCTOR:

Daleks. And they're trying to kill us. Drive, Serena! Drive!

FX: THE CAR SCREECHES AWAY, DALEKS STILL FIRING.

67: INT. MINISTRY.

FX: NILES KNOCKS TWICE ON DOOR, THEN BARGES STRAIGHT IN.

NILES:

Secretary of State? Your receptionist said to go right in. I have some urgent – (SEES) Oh no. What are you doing here?

CELIA:

What do you think, Niles? Waiting for you.

NILES:

Celia.

FX: DALEKS WHIRR.

DALEK:

You will come with us.

NILES:

What? What?

CELIA:

Don't worry, we're not going far. Just a short hop across town by time corridor.

68: INT. CAR.

FX: CAR SPEEDING.

SERENA:

(DRIVING) Where are we going, exactly?

DOCTOR:

Somewhere we can access Warfleet.

BRINSLEY:

Back to my place then.

DOCTOR:

Brinsley, isn't it? Nice to meet you. I'm the Doctor.

BRINSLEY:

Don't worry, I've been told everything by Mel.

DOCTOR:

Well, that'll save time.

BRINSLEY:

(SEES SOMETHING) Mel!

DOCTOR:

Yes, you –

BRINSLEY:

No, outside. Over there! Pull over.

FX: SERENA IS ALREADY DOING SO.

SERENA:

Give us a chance.

BRINSLEY:

She said she'd meet us at the Tower. Good job we didn't miss her.

FX: CAR HALTS, DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Mel! Get in!

MEL:

(RUNS UP, BREATHLESS) Doctor! I was just looking for you – I thought you might be in trouble.

DOCTOR:

I was. Fortunately our friends arrived in the nick of time. Your idea, I assume?

MEL:

Save the congratulations. We have a Dalek drone-fleet to activate!

69: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE.

FX: DOOR OPENS. DALEK GLIDES IN.

DALEK:

Enter. Enter!

FX: DOOR CLOSED.

CELIA:

Niles, please, make yourself comfortable in my office.

NILES:

Your office?

FX: CELIA TAKES A SEAT, POURS A DRINK FROM A DECANTER.

CELIA:

I now serve as a parliamentary consultant to the Zenos Corporation.

NILES:

What sort of consultant?

CELIA:

The position of ambassador became vacant, so I stepped in. I am empowered to act on behalf of the Daleks.

NILES:

You think they're going to let you rule the world?

CELIA:

Why not? I admit there is a certain amount of personal ambition... but ambition is not a dirty word. I'm not a traitor. I'm just more willing to take a long-term view.

NILES:

What long-term view?

CELIA:

Just think about it for a moment. The Daleks are real, we can't wish them away. And they've made us an offer.

NILES:

To become another of their slave-worlds.

CELIA:

No. They are offering us sorely-needed investment in our schools, our hospitals, our armed services. We are being offered the chance to make the UK the financial services centre of the whole planet. The whole galaxy!

NILES:

You think this is a way to rebuild the empire? Turn the map back to pink?

CELIA:

For goodness' sake, Niles, try to think rationally. What happens if we turn them down? They're going to make the same offer to another country. The Germans, or the Japanese or heaven forbid, the French!

NILES:

And we wouldn't want them getting our golden age.

CELIA:

At least if Britain becomes the Daleks' favoured nation, we can act as a buffer, use our influence to preserve our way of life. Imagine if they went to Saudi Arabia, or the Soviet Union, or China. They'd love them over there! The Daleks are not ideal partners, I admit.

NILES:

They exterminate their enemies.

CELIA:

Yes, there are some cultural differences, but we must respect their customs. I'd rather have them as allies than enemies.

NILES:

We could remain outside the Dalek trade bloc, independent.

CELIA:

And then how long would we survive? No. The intergalactic market is a fact of life. You do believe in a free market, don't you, Niles?

70: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: FIRST LINE IS MUFFLED, FROM ENTRANCE CORRIDOR.

BRINSLEY:

It's through here, in the front room.

FX: THEY ENTER. GAME CONSOLE SWITCHED ON.

DOCTOR:

And it's still connected to the Zenos network?

BRINSLEY:

Think so, yes.

SERENA:

So what's the plan?

DOCTOR:

We need to re-establish control of the drone fleet. Mel?

FX: MEL SITS, BEGINS TYPING.

MEL:

Already onto it. Just a question of gaining access to the server and entering the over-ride codes.

SERENA:

You can do this?

DOCTOR:

Serena, Mel is the best computer hacker there is!

71: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE.

CELIA:

The question is, Niles, what am I to do about you?

NILES:

Me?

CELIA:

The Emperor is keen to have you exterminated and I'm reluctant to disappoint him.

FX: DALEK GLIDES UP.

NILES:

Celia, please. Please! I – beg you. For old times' sake.

CELIA:

Very well. For old times' sake. But just you be a good boy.

NILES:

Yes. I'll be a... good boy.

DALEK:

Report. Humans attempting to access Warfleet game server.

CELIA:

The Doctor, one assumes. Inform the Emperor.

DALEK:

I obey.

72: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: MEL TYPING.

MEL:

And the last code?

DOCTOR:

F nine, A six, one C.

FX: MEL FINISHES TYPING. COMPUTER GIVES POSITIVE BLEEP.

MEL:

Over-ride accepted!

FX: WHOOSH OF SPACESHIP ON MONITOR.

BRINSLEY:

My Hawk-ship, I'm back in control!

SERENA:

What's that red planet?

DOCTOR:

Skaro. And that's our target. Brinsley, contact your fellow players.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

BRINSLEY:

Onto it. Commander Brinsley calling all Hawk-Ships.

DOCTOR:

You have a new mission. The planet below is the heart of the Daleks' evil empire, where slave workers are being held captive. You must rescue them and destroy the planet!

BRINSLEY:

Listen. You have a new mission. The planet below is the heart –

FX: CROSS TO:

73: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER. (CONTINUOUS)

BRINSLEY: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

- of the Daleks' evil empire. Slave workers are being held captive. You must rescue them, then destroy the planet!

DALEK EMPEROR:

Close the communication!

DALEK:

Unable to do so. Drone fleet now under human control.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Cut the link!

DALEK:

Unable to do so. Dalek core unit now under attack from drone-fleet.

DALEK EMPEROR:

But if they are destroyed we will be defenceless!

DALEK:

Core unit outnumbered by drone fleet ten to one.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Where is the main Dalek fleet?

DALEK:

Recall signal sent. They are returning. (BEAT) Warp-trace detected. Enemy ships arriving in Skaro orbit.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Enemy ships?

DALEK:

Thal Eagle-ships. The rebel fleet is here!

74: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: SPACESHIP WARPS INTO BATTLE, THEN MOVE INSIDE.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

Repeat. This is Commander Brinsley, calling all Hawk-Ships. You have a new mission. [The planet below is the heart of the Daleks' evil empire, where slave workers are being held captive. You must rescue them and destroy the planet!]

FX: OVER THIS:

AFRID:

Shari! The Doctor and Mel must have succeeded.

SHARI:

Then it's now or never. Hold tight, Afrid. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) Entering descent orbit, target – capital city!

75: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME IN PROGRESS, LASER SHOTS, EXPLOSIONS ON SCREEN.

BRINSLEY:

All Hawk-ships, descend towards capital city. Engage enemy ships. Do not be diverted.

MEL:

Remember this is a rescue mission. Take out defence installations only.

DOCTOR:

Tell them to approach through the mountains for cover.

BRINSLEY:

Maintain attack formation. Approach the city through mountains.

SERENA:

(OVER PREVIOUS LINE) Looks rather fun, doesn't it?

DOCTOR:

Except it's not fun. It's life and death.

MEL:

Approaching Dalek city. Laser turret sighted.

BRINSLEY:

I see it. Wait for it – now!

FX: GUNFIRE, EXPLOSION AS PART OF GAME.

BRINSLEY:

We have an incoming call, unidentified sender.

MEL:

Put it on.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHARI: (VIA MONITOR)

Mel! Thought it was you.

MEL:

Shari and Afrid. I got back.

AFRID: (VIA MONITOR)

We can see. We need to get to the labour camp in sector twelve, near the south walls.

MEL:

I see it. (FX: CROSS TO:)

76: INT. SPACESHIP. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: SPACESHIP DESCENDING.

SHARI:

We need you to take out the laser turret covering this sector.

MEL: (VIA MONITOR)

Commander Brinsley?

BRINSLEY: (VIA MONITOR)

Target sighted.

FX: LASER FIRE, EXPLOSION.

BRINSLEY: (VIA MONITOR)

Target destroyed.

AFRID:

Well done, Commander Brinsley.

MEL: (VIA MONITOR)

You're now clear to land outside the camp.

SHARI:

Commencing descent. We'll still need covering fire.

MEL: (VIA MONITOR)

Understood. We'll hover overhead, take out any Daleks we see.

BRINSLEY: (VIA MONITOR)

Speaking of which – here they come!

FX: LASER GUN FIRE. CROSS TO:

77: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: BATTLE RELAYED VIA HOLOGRAM. EXPLOSIONS.

DALEK ONE:

South laser turret destroyed.

DALEK TWO

Dalek patrol despatched to sector twelve.

DALEK EMPEROR:

They are after the Thal slaves. They could attack us but instead they waste time freeing workers.

DALEK THREE:

Dalek Fleet now emerging from warp in Skaro solar-space.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Then send them down to take out the enemy ships. Destroy them. Destroy them all!

DALEK TWO:

Capital city under attack.

FX: NEARBY MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

DALEK ONE:

Central laser turret destroyed.

DALEK EMPEROR:

They are getting too close, too fast. We must advance our plans. Open a communication to Celia Dunthorpe.

DALEK TWO:

I obey.

FX: CHANNEL OPENED. CROSS TO:

78: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM. (CONTINUOUS)

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

Dalek Emperor to Celia Dunthorpe.

CELIA:

Receiving you, your highness. May I say, this – (is a)

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

Our plans must be brought forward. You understand the true purpose of the Zenos Tower?

CELIA:

I do, yes.

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

The alembic field must be amplified.

NILES:

The what?

CELIA:

Shush, Niles! Amplified to what level?

DALEK EMPEROR: (VIA MONITOR)

Maximum amplitude and maximum range. It must reach the Doctor's location.

CELIA:

I understand.

FX: MONITOR OFF.

CELIA:

Well, you heard your Emperor. What are you waiting for?

DALEK:

Commencing amplification of alembic field.

FX: DALEK STARTS ACTIVATING MACHINERY. LOW HUM RISES, CONTINUES RISING IN B/G DURING REST OF SCENE.

NILES:

What's an alembic field?

CELIA:

Why do you think the Daleks built this tower in the heart of London?

NILES:

I don't know –

CELIA:

It's a broadcasting tower. But rather than broadcasting radio and television, it influences hearts and minds.

NILES:

Influences them how?

CELIA:

It unlocks pre-existing potential. Don't worry, you're quite safe in here, we won't be affected.

NILES:

But everyone outside?

CELIA:

They will become more intolerant to those who do not share our values. Who flout our way of life, who are not prepared to do an honest day's work.

NILES:

Oh my lord. You're turning them into fascists!

CELIA:

No. I'm merely giving them the strength of mind and clarity of purpose of Daleks!

NILES:

Celia, you can't do this –

CELIA:

The process began months ago. We are simply increasing the pace of change. Now. Watch!

FX: THE HUM REACHES MAXIMUM INTENSITY, A LOW, POWERFUL WARBLING, WITH ALIEN TRILLS.

THE HUM TAKES OVER, PASSING OVER TRAFFIC HOOTING, THROUGH CROWDED STREETS, THROUGH PARKS INTO CAFES. INTO:

79: MONTAGE. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: COMBINED WITH THE HUM, SNATCHES OF VOICES, OVERLAPPING, INCOMPLETE PHRASES, THE VOICES OF LONDON, LIKE A TALK RADIO PHONE-IN:

VOICE #1 – WORKING-CLASS MALE, 30S:

They come over here, taking our jobs, the ones that even bother to work, that is –

VOICE #2 – POSH FEMALE, 60S:

They're not like us, they have no respect for law and order, or for their elders and betters –

VOICE #3 – POSH MAN, 50S:

The country's full, there's no room for anymore.

VOICE #1:

The time has come to say enough is enough.

VOICE #2:

Is this what we fought two world wars for?

VOICE #3:

Some of them can't even speak English.

VOICE #1:

You're not welcome here –

VOICE #2:

They're probably carrying all sorts of diseases for all we know.

VOICE #3:

Britain for the British, what's so wrong with that?

VOICE #1:

Send them back where they came from.

VOICE #2:

They should be got rid of.

VOICE #3:

Exterminated.

VOICE #1:

Exterminated.

VOICE #2:

Exterminated.

VOICES OVERLAP, ALL FOUR REPEATING 'EXTERMINATED' AND REPEATING OTHER LINES IN INCREASING CACOPHONY.

80: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME CONTINUING.

BRINSLEY:

Commander Brinsley calling. We've secured the area around the camp. You have to get everyone out now.

SHARI: (VIA MONITOR)

Understood, Commander Brinsley.

SERENA:

You haven't got long, there are Daleks at the perimeter.

BRINSLEY:

Then they'll just have to be exterminated, won't they?

MEL:

(LAUGHS) Exterminate. Exterminate!

DOCTOR:

Mel? Are you alright?

MEL:

(TOUCHY) I'm fine, why shouldn't I be? Do you think there's something wrong with me?

DOCTOR:

No.

MEL:

Good. Because we have to get rid of this... alien filth. Destroy them! Wipe them off the face of the planet!

81: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: THROB OF ALEMBIC FIELD QUIETER BUT STILL IN B/G.

DALEK:

Alembic field amplified.

CELIA:

Range?

DALEK:

Full effect, radius of ten Earth miles.

NILES:

You mean anyone living in central London now thinks like a Dalek?

CELIA:

They already did. But now they are no longer suppressing that side of their nature. Deep inside, Niles, we're not so very different from them. We are the Daleks!

82: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME IN PROGRESS.

MEL:

That's it. Exterminate. Exterminate. Exterminate!

FX: IN GAME GUNFIRE. EXPLOSIONS.

DOCTOR:

Mel, what are you doing? You're firing on the rebel ships!

BRINSLEY:

They are the enemies of the Daleks. They must be exterminated.

SERENA:

The Daleks are the superior beings.

DOCTOR:

Serena! What's got into you? Switch that thing off –

FX: DOCTOR PUSHED ASIDE.

MEL:

(VIOLENTLY) No!

SERENA:

You are the Doctor.

BRINSLEY:

You are the enemy of the Daleks.

MEL:

You must be exterminated.

DOCTOR:

What? Mel? Mel!

MEL:

Exterminate the Doctor. Exterminate!

MEL, SERENA, BRINSLEY:

(NOT IN SYNCH) Exterminate. Exterminate! Exterminate!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

SERENA:

You are the Doctor.

BRINSLEY:

You are the enemy of the Daleks.

MEL:

You must be exterminated.

DOCTOR:

What? Mel? Mel!

MEL:

Exterminate the Doctor. Exterminate!

MEL, SERENA, BRINSLEY:

(NOT IN SYNCH) Exterminate. Exterminate! Exterminate!

CONTINUES INTO:

83: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

(SHUSHES THEM) Listen to me, Mel, Brinsley, Serena. If you don't help those people, the Daleks will kill them!

MEL:

They must be exterminated. Like you. Restrain him.

DOCTOR:

What — (GRABBED)

SERENA/BRINSLEY:

(GRAB THE DOCTOR)

BRINSLEY:

Don't struggle, Doctor. Resistance is —

DOCTOR:

Useless, yes, I know. You've all been brainwashed.

SERENA:

On the contrary. We finally see the truth.

DOCTOR:

No. Like those policemen we saw. Your minds have been twisted to make you think like Daleks.

MEL:

Silence. (FX: DIALS PHONE) Zenos Corporation. We have the Doctor. (BEAT) I obey. (FX: SHE ENDS CALL) Good news, Doctor. You are to be taken to the Emperor on Skaro.

DOCTOR:

Oh, that is good news.

84: EXT. LABOUR CAMP.

FX: SPACESHIPS ASCENDING, LASER BLASTS, EXPLOSIONS.

AFRID:

Over here! Quick, up the gangway, into the hold! Move it if you want to live!

FX: SLAVES RUNNING UP METAL GANGWAY INTO SHIP.

SHARI:

(RUNNING OVER) Shari, the released slaves, have we got them all yet?

AFRID:

The last group of workers are boarding now. A few more minutes and we'll be ready to launch.

SHARI:

Not before time. The Daleks — [have]

FX: DRONE SHIPS FIRE. EXPLOSION NEARBY. CRIES OF ALARM.

AFRID:

What the hell —

FX: MORE EXPLOSIONS.

SHARI:

Afrid. The drone-ships. They're not shooting at the Daleks. They're shooting at us!

85: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

DALEK ONE:

Drone-ships no longer attacking Dalek emplacements. Drone-ships now attacking rebel forces.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Their controllers have had a change of mind. They are our creatures now!

DALEK TWO:

Celia Dunthorpe reports the Doctor has been recaptured and is being brought back to Skaro.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Summon all members of the supreme council to the imperial chamber. To witness the Doctor's execution!

86: INT. CAR./EXT. ZENOS TOWER

FX: THE CAR PULLS OPEN, DRIVERS DOOR OPENED.

MEL:

We're here. You will get out of the vehicle.

DOCTOR:

Or what will you do, Mel? You're not armed.

MEL:

The Daleks control every human in a ten-mile radius. If you do not obey, then, one by one, they –

DOCTOR:

No need to elaborate. (FX: GETS OUT OF CAR; 2 x DOOR SLAMS) You know, I wonder why the Daleks didn't use this device earlier.

MEL:

You will enter the Zenos Tower.

FX: BOTH WALKING.

DOCTOR:

I assume it was built to create the brainwashing effect? But on a more subtle level. To gradually influence people over a period of years, decades.

MEL:

Keep walking, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

But they've had to bring their plans forward. And that's not good.

FX: THEY ENTER BUILDING.

MEL:

Proceed to the elevator.

DOCTOR:

Either the brainwashing effect has to be neutralised, or in a few hours everyone in central London will be driven insane.

87: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME CONTINUES.

BRINSLEY:

Rebel fleet dispersed. The only remaining enemy forces are on the ground in the labour camp.

SERENA:

They cannot possibly win. Why don't they surrender?

BRINSLEY:

They prefer to die. Commander Brinsley to all Hawk-ships. Concentrate your fire on sector twelve.

88: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE.

FX: DOOR OPENS, DALEKS GLIDE IN WITH DOCTOR.

DALEK:

Enter! Enter!

CELIA:

Doctor, please come in. Do you know Niles, here?

DOCTOR:

Another Dalek collaborator, I presume?

NILES:

Quite the opposite, actually.

CELIA:

I've allowed him to remain alive as a show of clemency.

NILES:

Mel, I'm sorry, I let you down.

MEL:

You were attempting to act against the Daleks. You are fortunate not to have been exterminated.

NILES:

Mel, what's come over you?

DOCTOR:

She's been indoctrinated. In-Dalek-ated, you might say. But not you. Interesting.

NILES:

Inside the tower, we're immune. Alembic field, she called it.

DALEK:

Silence. Do not give the Doctor information.

DOCTOR:

So. You still consider me a threat. But what intrigues me is why Celia has allied herself with you.

CELIA:

Sheer pragmatism, Doctor. Some of us have to be prepared to make the tough choices.

DOCTOR:

They're only tough choices if you're choosing the wrong thing.

CELIA:

I am not a fool. I realise the Daleks are... "ethically challenged". But they are offering us prosperity.

DOCTOR:

What they are offering you is cheap fuel extorted from other worlds. Cheap goods, manufactured by slaves.

CELIA:

And that is what people want! They aren't like you. All people care about is being able to put food on the table, being able to make ends meet. They don't care who makes their microwave ovens or video recorders, they just want them at the cheapest price!

DOCTOR:

Some of them care.

CELIA:

People don't care. They don't care if their petrol is provided by an oppressive regime, or if their oranges are grown by a country with apartheid. They just want to be allowed to get on with their lives.

DOCTOR:

I can't allow this. You know that.

CELIA:

Excuse me? I am an elected representative of the people. I have a mandate. Whoever voted for you?

DOCTOR:

I'm not interested in politics.

CELIA:

Then you have no right to complain. If I went to the people of Britain and I asked them if they wanted to accept the Daleks' offer, the overwhelming answer would be yes.

NILES:

Selling us out to foreigners –

CELIA:

Quiet, Niles! I offer people prosperity. Jobs. Homes. Whereas you, Doctor. What do you offer?

DOCTOR:

Something far more valuable. A clear conscience.

CELIA:

Yes. I know your type. You think you know better than everyone else. Better than the stupid, average man on the street who can't be trusted to decide for themselves, because only the Doctor knows best.

DOCTOR:

What if I do?

CELIA:

That makes you a tyrant. No better than the Daleks. Whereas I represent the will of the people. If you have a problem, it's not with me, Doctor. It's with the British public.

DOCTOR:

They're not morally culpable for what's done in their name.

CELIA:

So I suppose that makes me another one of your enemies, Doctor? Another foe to be exterminated.

DOCTOR:

I see why the Daleks didn't bother to brainwash you. You're already one of their kind.

CELIA:

Daleks. Take the Doctor to the guest room.

DALEKS:

We obey.

CELIA:

Mel. Stay with him. Make sure he doesn't try anything.

MEL:

(LEAVING) I obey.

FX: SHE FOLLOWS THE DALEKS OUT.

89: EXT. LABOUR CAMP.

FX: LASER BLAST, EXPLOSIONS, SOLDIERS RETURNING FIRE.

SHARI:

It's no good, Afrid. We're pinned down.

AFRID:

Why are they shooting at us?

SHARI:

Either the Daleks took back control, or... (FX: SHE SWITCHES ON RADIO) Shari calling Commander Brinsley.

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

You are the Thal Afrid? You are an enemy of the Daleks. You must be exterminated.

FX: RADIO CUTS OFF.

SHARI:

The Daleks must've activated the alembic field.

AFRID:

I'll arm the freed slaves, establish a barricade. That might buy us a little more time.

SHARI:

For what?

AFRID:

No idea, Shari. I'm just not in any hurry to die.

90: INT. GUEST ROOM.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DALEK:

Inside. You will wait in here while the time corridor is prepared.

FX: DOCTOR AND MEL ENTER.

MEL:

I obey.

FX: DOOR CLOSES.

DOCTOR:

You obey, Mel? Listen. In here, you're no longer exposed to the alembic field.

MEL:

I obey.

DOCTOR:

You don't have to obey. You are not a Dalek.

MEL:

The Daleks are the superior beings.

DOCTOR:

Mel —

MEL:

Inferior races must be subjugated or destroyed. They are not like us.

DOCTOR:

This isn't you, Mel. Look at me. Look into my eyes.

MEL:

(TEMPTED BUT RESISTS) No.

DOCTOR:

Mel, I —

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Niles?

NILES:

Well don't just sit there, this is a prison break!

MEL:

I must raise the alarm, I — (MUFFLED, HAND OVER MOUTH)

DOCTOR:

Sorry about this, Mel. But you'll thank me later.

FX: DOCTOR TOUCHES MEL'S NECK. BUZZING FINGER SOUND LIKE IN 'DOCTOR WHO: SURVIVAL'. MEL SLUMPS.

MEL:

(STRUGGLES THEN LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS)

NILES:

What did you do?

DOCTOR:

A small touch of Venusian Ju-Jitsu on the back of the neck. She'll be out for the count for few minutes.

NILES:

Then we should a move on while we have the chance.

DOCTOR:

No. We have to cure Mel, and deactivate the alembic field. It must be controlled from somewhere on this floor.

NILES:

I think I know where. (LEAVING) This way, don't dawdle!

91: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE.

FX: ALARM SOUNDS.

DALEK:

The Doctor and Mel are escaping.

CELIA:

What? But you've only just locked them up!

DALEK:

They were released by the human Niles.

CELIA:

Honestly, if you want something doing... where are they now?

DALEK:

Location unknown.

CELIA:

Then I suggest you find them!

92: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

NILES:

(CARRYING MEL) This is it, the right place?

FX: DOOR CLOSES.

DOCTOR:

It is. The Alembic field is controlled from here.

NILES:

Then hadn't we better switch it off?

DOCTOR:

First things first. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) If I can create an inversion field within this room, it should restore Mel to her normal self.

NILES:

It won't affect us?

DOCTOR:

No. It'll only affect anyone in the centre of those four glowing tubes. Where you should put Mel.

NILES:

(PUTTING MEL DOWN) Right, yes. Then what?

DOCTOR:

Stand back. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) Generating inversion field.

FX: IT MAKES A WARBLING, WOBBLING SOUND.

NILES:

How do we know if it's worked?

DOCTOR:

We won't, until Mel wakes up. — Tell me, Niles. Why are you helping us?

NILES:

These Daleks are no friends of mine. I've seen what they would do to Earth given half a chance.

DOCTOR:

You're not persuaded by Celia's rhetoric, about the intergalactic market?

NILES:

Joining the common market was bad enough. But at least we're only being bossed around by bureaucrats in Brussels. Being bossed around by Daleks, doesn't bear thinking about.

93: INT. LUXURY SUITE ON SKARO.

DALEK:

The Doctor, Niles and Mel located in Tower Control Room.

CELIA:

What are they doing in there?

DALEK:

The Doctor is attempting to decondition his companion.

CELIA:

Then for goodness' sake, get in there and stop him!

94: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: MACHINE STILL WARBLING. DALEKS WHIRRING UP OUTSIDE.

NILES:

Doctor, I think I can hear the Daleks outside –

FX: DOOR SMASHED OPEN!

DALEK:

Deactivate the field generator!

DOCTOR:

But it's not finished –

DALEK:

Deactivate. Or Niles Bunbury will be exterminated.

NILES:

I think you'd better do as they say, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) Very well.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, MACHINE POWERS DOWN.

MEL:

(WAKING) What happened – where am I –

DOCTOR:

Mel. Do you know who I am?

MEL:

You are the Doctor. You are the enemy of the Daleks. You must be exterminated.

NILES:

Oh no.

DOCTOR:

Well, I think we have our answer.

CELIA:

(ENTERING) Seems you were not quite fast enough, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

It seems not.

CELIA:

The time corridor is ready to take you to Skaro. And I'm loathe to keep the Emperor waiting.

DOCTOR:

What about my friends?

CELIA:

They will remain here. Mel, escort Niles to the guest room.

MEL:

I obey.

FX: CELIA HANDS HER A REVOLVER.

CELIA:

Take this gun. Be ready to shoot him if the Doctor tries anything.

MEL:

I obey.

FX: DALEKS TAKE DOCTOR AWAY.

MUSIC LINK TO:

95: INT. TRANSDUCTION CHAMBER.

FX: DOCTOR ARRIVES.

DOCTOR:

Not much of a welcoming committee.

DALEK:

Doctor. You will come with us.

FX: DOOR OPENS, THEY EMERGE INTO CORRIDOR. SOUNDS OF DISTANT BATTLE.

DOCTOR:

Having a bit of trouble?

DALEK:

An attempted attack. It has been repelled.

DOCTOR:

Doesn't sound like it. Sounds like they're giving you a run for your money...

96: EXT. LABOUR CAMP.

FX: BATTLE CONTINUES. DALEK BLASTS, SCREAMS.

AFRID:

The Daleks, they've broken through the barricade.

DALEKS: (DISTANT)

Exterminate! Exterminate! Exterminate!

SHARI:

Tell everyone to fall back, get under cover while they still can, we must fight to the last Thal –

AFRID:

Oh well. We gave it our best shot.

97: INT. ZENOS TOWER CORRIDOR/GUEST ROOM.

FX: MEL AND NILES WALKING.

MEL:

This way, Niles Bunbury. In here.

FX: SHE CLOSES A DOOR. THEY'RE IN THE GUEST ROOM.

MEL:

(BACK TO HER NORMAL SELF, QUIET) Okay, I think they swallowed it!

NILES:

(LAUGHS WITH RELIEF) Swallowed it? You fooled them, hook, line, and sink-plunger!

MEL:

Luckily I was restored, just in time. But as long as the Daleks don't know that, we can put the Doctor's plan into action!

NILES:

So, back to the control room?

MEL:

Yes. But if any Daleks stop us, remember, prisoner and escort.

FX: SHE OPENS DOOR, THEY SNEAK AWAY.

NILES:

Just you be careful where you're pointing that thing...

98: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: DOCTOR IS LED IN. HUNDREDS OF DALEKS PRESENT.

DOCTOR:

I say, what's all this? There must be half of the Dalek supreme council here, what's the occasion?

DALEK EMPEROR:

You are to stand trial, Doctor. For your crimes against the Daleks. Followed by your public execution.

DOCTOR:

So the verdict's a bit of a foregone conclusion, then. What are you going to do? Read out a list of my victories?

DALEK EMPEROR:

They were not victories. The Daleks are never ultimately defeated.

DOCTOR:

What intrigues me is, why bother with a trial? You could just exterminate me. So why don't you?

DALEK EMPEROR:

Your abasement must be demonstrated to all.

DOCTOR:

Of course. It's not enough just to kill me, is it? You have to prove to all your enemies out there that I am really dead. That you have finally defeated me, once and for all. Because if they don't see it they won't believe it.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Soon they will have all the proof they need.

DOCTOR:

You think my death will mean your enemies will give up all hope? But they won't, you know. They'll just fight you, stronger than before.

DALEK EMPEROR:

But they will not have the Doctor to assist them.

DOCTOR:

(TO GATHERED CROWD) Before we begin, let me tell you something, all of you. I am unarmed. Alone. Defenceless and completely at your mercy. And if you know me at all, you'll know that's when I'm at my most dangerous.

DALEK EMPEROR:

You dare to threaten us?

DOCTOR:

I don't need to. You're already scared. And with good reason. So let me make you an offer. Let me go. And I will let you live.

DALEK EMPEROR:

We have the power of life and death over you. You do not have it over us! We could exterminate you any moment.

DOCTOR:

I'll take that as a 'no'. Very well, you've made your choice. Don't say that I didn't warn you.

99: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: MEL AND NILES RUSH IN.

MEL:

Made it!

NILES:

Only just. So, now we shut down the alembic thing?

MEL:

Not quite. Those are the controls over there, so –

FX: SHE FIRES A GUN. SMALL EXPLOSION.

NILES:

You've blown them up!

MEL:

Exactly. Now the alembic field can't be switched off.

NILES:

What? But all those people out there –

MEL:

(GIVES HIM GUN) Here, hold this. And watch the corridor. The Daleks have almost certainly noticed we're here.

CROSS TO:

100: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE. (CONTINUOUS)

NILES: (VIA MONITOR)

What are you planning? Mel?

MEL: (VIA MONITOR)

This unit controls the Dalek time corridor..

CELIA: (OVER PREVIOUS LINE)

Daleks! The girl Mel. She is in the control room.

DALEK:

She is an ally of the Daleks.

CELIA:

No, she isn't, you tin-plated buffoon. She's already wrecked one of your machines. Get her out of there!

DALEKS:

(LEAVING) We obey.

FX: CROSS BACK TO:

101: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: MEL PRESSING BUTTONS THROUGHOUT, ENERGISING.

NILES:

The Daleks' time corridor?

MEL:

The Doctor gave detailed instructions. Let me concentrate. This switch here...

NILES:

But what are you trying to do?

MEL:

At the moment, it sends anyone who steps through it to Skaro, right?

NILES:

Yes, I know, we went through it.

MEL:

Well, what I'm trying to do is to use it to send this whole building to Skaro!

NILES:

What?!

MEL:

The Zenos Tower should materialize in the middle of the Dalek capital city. If I've got it right. Wish me luck.

NILES:

Why, what happens if you get it wrong?

MEL:

Either we'll be vapourised, flung into the vortex to drift for all eternity, or, worst of all, nothing.

NILES:

In that case, let me be the first to wish you the very best of luck.

MEL:

Thanks. Here goes!

FX: SHE PUSHES BUTTON. TIME WARPING EFFECT, BUILDING SHAKES. ALL-CONSUMING RUSH OF WIND, DISTORTION.

MEL & NILES:

(GOING OVER NIAGARA IN A BARREL, HEAVILY DISTORTED)

102: INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE.

FX: SAME DISTORTION. SHAKING IS CAUSING ORNAMENTS TO FALL FROM SHELVES AND SMASH.

CELIA:

What's happening?

DALEK: (DISTORTED)

We are passing through the time corridor.

CELIA:

The whole tower? Can't you stop it?

DALEK:

Corridor is operated from control room. Attempting to gain access —

103: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE.

FX: GAME IN PROGRESS.

BRINSLEY:

(SUDDEN PAINED GASP)

SERENA:

What is it?

BRINSLEY:

My head. It's like I had a headache, and it just lifted.

SERENA:

Me too. I felt so frightened, like I hated everyone, and anything.

BRINSLEY:

Something must've come over us. Hey, what happened to the Doctor and Mel?

SERENA:

Brinsley, the game — the game!

BRINSLEY:

What?

SERENA:

The drone-ships, you're attacking the rebels!

BRINSLEY:

What? (FX: PRESSES BUTTON) Brinsley to all Hawk-ships. Cease attack on rebel forces. Resume attack on Daleks!

104: EXT. LABOUR CAMP.

FX: BATTLE CONTINUES, DALEKS AND THALS EXCHANGING FIRE.

AFRID:

Been nice knowing you, Shari.

SHARI:

And you, Afrid.

DALEK:

Exterminate —

FX: DALEK IS CUT OFF BY LASER BLAST. IT EXPLODES.

AFRID:

What on Skaro?!

SHARI:

The drone-ships — they're firing at the Daleks!

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

This is Commander Brinsley, back in control of the Hawk-fleet.

SHARI:

Brinsley, what happened — [you]

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

I'm not sure, but whatever it was, we're better now, and back on your side!

FX: MORE EXPLOSIONS, DALEKS DESTROYED. SLAVES CHEERING.

AFRID:

(DELIGHTED LAUGH) The Daleks — they're wiping them out!

SHARI:

Then we might just get out of this alive. But how was the Alembic field deactivated?

AFRID:

(SEES SOMETHING) Shari —

SHARI:

Unless the signal was cut off in some way —

AFRID:

Shari, look — over there!

FX: DURING THE ABOVE, THE SOUND OF ZENOS TOWER MATERIALIZING 1/2 MILE AWAY WITHIN A HUGE TIME STORM.

SHARI:

Something's materializing in the middle of the city.

AFRID:

A tower... in the shape of a Dalek!

105: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: STORM SUBSIDES.

MEL:

We've done it. We've landed!

NILES:

In the Dalek city?

MEL:

Look outside if you don't believe me.

NILES:

No, I believe you. And the alembic field is still going?

MEL:

... Meaning anyone in the vicinity will be brainwashed, like I was.

NILES:

So they'll start thinking more like Daleks.

MEL:

Yes. But what if they are *already* Daleks?

106: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

DALEK ONE:

Zenos Tower has materialized in sector one.

DALEK TWO:

Alembic field detected. Source: Zenos Tower.

DALEK EMPEROR:

This is your work, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

I get by. With a little help from my friends.

DALEK ONE:

Report. Psychic stress levels increasing.

DALEK TWO:

Motivational protocols overloading! Experiencing positronic feedback loop! Cognitive dissonance!

DOCTOR:

Yes. I'm afraid the Alembic field is still switched on. You'll be feeling the effects pretty soon. All that Dalek rage and paranoia, raised to the power of ten.

DALEK EMPEROR:

You can still be exterminated.

DOCTOR:

Then order it.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Daleks. Exterminate the Doctor.

DALEK ONE:

Out of control. Out of control. Exterminate! All other Daleks must be exterminated! Out of control! Out of control!

DOCTOR:

Soon you'll have so much fear and anger that you'll explode. Literally! Blow your tops!

FX: DALEK GOES BERSERK FIRING WILDLY AT OTHER DALEKS THEN EXPLODES. OTHER DALEKS FOLLOW SUIT.

DALEK EMPEROR:

I am the supreme Dalek! You will obey.

DALEK TWO:

Destroy all Daleks! Destroy! Destroy!

FX: MORE DALEKS SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUST, THEIR CONTENTS FROTHING OUT.

DOCTOR:

Every Dalek now considers itself the only creature worthy to exist. There's no longer such a thing as a Dalek society... Just individual Daleks.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Daleks! Do not fight in here! Do not fight in here!

FX: DOCTOR MAKES HIS WAY OUT AS CHAOS ENSUES.

DOCTOR:

I defeated you once before with the human factor. Now you've been given the Dalek factor. And too much hate will kill you, everytime. Goodbye, farewell, and adieu.

FX: DOCTOR LEAVES. DALEKS CONTINUE TO FIGHT AND EXPLODE.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Daleks! Do not fight in here! You will obey! Obey! Obey!

FX: HEAVY ECHO ON FINAL LINE.

107: EXT. LABOUR CAMP.

FX: DALEKS FIGHTING AMONGST THEMSELVES AND EXPLODING.

DALEK #1:

(OFF) Daleks obey only themselves! (FX: FIRING)

DALEK #2:

(OFF) Destroy all Daleks! Destroy! Dest— [roy!] (FX: EXPLODES)

AFRID:

(LAUGHING) The Daleks are so full of hatred they're spontaneously combusting! Popping like fire-frogs!

SHARI:

This is our chance. We have to get everyone into the ship before they're affected by the Alembic field.

(FX: RADIO) Brinsley, are you there?

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

Receiving.

SHARI:

We'll be taking off in a few moments. Can you give us covering fire?

BRINSLEY: (VIA RADIO)

No problem. The Daleks seem to have gone berserk, half of them are shooting at their own ships!

108: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

NILES:

How do we know if it's working?

MEL:

We just have to hope for the — (best)

FX: DALEK IN DOORWAY FIRES AT THEM, WALL EXPLODES.

DALEK:

Do not move! Do not move!

CELIA:

Now. You will kindly deactivate the Alembic field.

NILES:

Good luck trying. The controls have been destroyed.

MEL:

We couldn't switch it off, even if we wanted to, which we don't.

CELIA:

There is one way. We tell the Daleks to destroy the Zenos Tower. Blast it to smithereens!

DALEK:

Shall I exterminate the humans?

NILES:

Celia, please, for — [old times' sake]

CELIA:

No. Leave them be. They'll be dead soon enough.

FX: SHE LEAVES WITH DALEK.

MEL:

She let us live!

NILES:

No. She wasn't prepared to watch us die. Not the same thing. She's quite happy to let them kill us, so long she's not here to see it.

109: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: ONE OR TWO DALEKS STILL LEFT, OCCASIONAL GURGLES, EXPLOSIONS AND FROTHS.

CELIA: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Celia Dunthorpe MP, calling the Emperor.

FX: THE DALEK EMPEROR IS NOW ALSO FEELING ILL-EFFECTS, GOING OUT OF HIS MIND.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Celia Dunthorpe. Deactivate the Alembic field immediately!

CELIA: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

I can't, the controls have been destroyed. So you're going to have to order your flying saucers to attack the tower.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Understood... Dalek Emperor to all Dalek ships. Attack Zenos Tower. Confirm!

DALEKS: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

We obey.

CELIA: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

What? But you have to wait for me to get out first!

DALEK EMPEROR:

There can be no delay. The field must be deactivated. Escape while you still can.

CELIA: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

But I don't know how – oh!

FX: SHE CUTS OFF CALL.

DALEK: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Dalek assault ship preparing to attack Zenos Tower.

DALEK EMPEROR:

The moment it is range, fire all missiles. It must be destroyed!

110: INT. CONTROL ROOM.

FX: PARTS OF WALL STILL ON FIRE, SPARKS SPUTTERING.

NILES:

Shouldn't we, um, think about getting out of here?

MEL:

And go where? The moment this place is destroyed, the Daleks will go back to normal –

NILES:

Well, you worked the time corridor once, can't you do it again?

MEL:

I was following the Doctor's instructions, I wouldn't know where to begin.

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING) No, but I would.

MEL:

Doctor! You're alive!

DOCTOR:

Thanks to your timely intervention.

NILES:

Lovely to see you too, but our reunion is in danger of being cut short.

DOCTOR:

How so?

MEL:

The Daleks are going to attack this Tower.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I thought they might. (FX: STARTS PUSHING BUTTONS.)

NILES:

So, can you send us all back to London?

DOCTOR:

And subject everyone there to the Alembic field? No. I have a better idea. Just give me a moment.

MEL:

To do what?

DOCTOR:

This is a broadcasting tower. And I have something to say.

111: INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: BUTTONS BEING PRESSED, POWERING UP.

SHARI:

All the free slaves are back on board?

AFRID:

Every one. There is not a single Thal left on Skaro.

SHARI:

To think it was once our home. But no more. Prepare for lift-off.

FX: SHIP TAKES OFF.

AFRID:

We did it, Shari! We did it!

SHARI:

I'd hold off on the celebrations, Afrid. We're not home and dry just yet.

FX: RADIO INCOMING CALL.

SHARI:

Odd. A broadcast. From the Zenos Tower.

FX: RADIO ON.

DOCTOR:

(this is) – the Doctor, calling the Daleks. To bid you a final farewell.

FX: CROSS TO:

112: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: DOCTOR'S MESSAGE CAN BE HEARD HERE.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Farewell? You will be destroyed with the Zenos Tower.

DOCTOR: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

I'm afraid you're out of time, Emperor. You see, the Doctor is only one of my names. You may also know me as Ka Faraq Gatri. The bringer of darkness. The destroyer of worlds. The oncoming storm. Well, you asked for it! Here it comes! ...The storm to end all storms!

DALEK: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Zenos tower now in missile strike range.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Destroy it! Destroy it at once!

113: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOCTOR PRESSING BUTTONS, MACHINES ENERGISING.

DOCTOR:

And — here goes!

FX: FINAL SWITCH. TIME STORM RAGES OUTSIDE, THUNDER, LIGHTNING, HOWLING WHIRLING CHAOS.

MEL:

What've you done?

DOCTOR:

I've generated a time storm. It'll affect anything within a hundred mile radius.

NILES:

The Daleks. But what'll it do to them?

DOCTOR:

Tempus fugit. Accelerated temporal decay.

MEL:

You mean, time's passing more quickly outside the Tower?

DOCTOR:

Oh yes. A lot more quickly.

114: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: STORM RAGING EXTREMELY LOUD, SMASHING PLACE UP.

DALEK: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Temporal storm has destroyed Dalek assault ships.

DALEK EMPEROR:

Continue the attack. All units.

DALEK: (VIA HOLOGRAM)

Unable to obey, systems failure, systems failure (DIES)

DALEK EMPEROR:

You will obey. All units.(AFFECTED) What is happening? Systems deteriorating. Circuit malfunction. Power failure! Life support degenerating! (DYING)

115: INT. ZENOS TOWER CONTROL ROOM.

NILES:

It worked. Those flying saucers just... rusted away to nothing in mid-air!

DOCTOR:

Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust!

SHARI: (VIA RADIO)

Shari calling Zenos Tower, are you receiving –

MEL:

I hear you. This is Mel, Commander Mel.

SHARI: (VIA RADIO)

Just to let you know, we're clear of Skaro. The last Thals have left, never to return.

DOCTOR:

Then good luck. In your new home.

SHARI: (VIA RADIO)

Thankyou, Doctor. You live up to your legend.

DOCTOR:

Well, I do my best.

FX: RADIO OFF. BUTTONS PRESSED.

DOCTOR:

Now, time we were gone.

MEL:

And how do we do that?

DOCTOR:

Hopefully I can generate a small time-warp here before –

NILES:

Before what?

DOCTOR:

Before this tower is destroyed by the time-storm. Didn't I mention that? Just give me a second.

NILES:

I've just remembered. Celia! She's out there somewhere.

MEL:

I'm afraid there's nothing we can do for her, if she's even still alive.

NILES:

Yes. You're probably right.

DOCTOR:

Then, if we're ready —

FX: BUTTON PRESSED. TIME-WARP GENERATED, FX AS BEFORE.

NILES:

That'll take us back to London?

DOCTOR:

Fingers crossed. After you.

NILES:

No, after you.

MEL:

Oh, good grief! After me! (SHE JUMPS INTO TIMEWARP)

FX: MEL WARPING AWAY.

NILES:

Here goes — (JUMPS)

FX: NILES WARPING AWAY.

DOCTOR:

And with five seconds to spare. (JUMPS)

FX: DOCTOR WARPS AWAY. ZENOS TOWER EXPLODES IN DEVASTATING EXPLOSION.

MUSIC LINK TO:

116: EXT. LONDON STREET.

FX: WINDY, RAINY STORM. EVENING. TRAFFIC. TIME WARP —

DOCTOR/MEL/NILES:

(ARRIVING, LIKE LANDING FROM SHORT DROP)

MEL:

We made it!

NILES:

Yes. Back in the wind and rain! Typical London weather.

DOCTOR:

Not quite.

NILES:

No?

DOCTOR:

No. This is a side-effect of the temporal shockwave caused by the dematerialization of the Zenos Tower. I'm afraid it whipped up quite a storm.

MEL:

When you say quite a storm, you mean — (how)

DOCTOR:

Oh, about the size of a small hurricane. People will be quite taken by surprise. It's the weather forecasters I feel sorry for.

NILES:

Well, if you'll excuse me, I'd like to get under cover —

DOCTOR:

Yes, goodbye, Niles Bunbury. I recommend a long period of rest and recuperation... on the back benches.

FX: HE GOES.

MEL:

Speaking of which, it might be an idea for us to get out of the rain too?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Fortunately I never go anywhere without an umbrella...

FX: DOCTOR OPENS UMBRELLA. MUSIC LINK TO:

117: INT. BRINSLEY'S HOUSE (LATER)**BRINSLEY:**

What am I going to do?

MEL:

What do you mean?

BRINSLEY:

I have no job, and even worse, the Warfleet game no longer works. What am I going to do all day?

DOCTOR:

'Game over'? Oh, I'm sure you'll think of something.

SERENA:

The Zenos Corporation may have collapsed and caused the stock market to crash, but its companies are still viable. Someone has to make sure the people they laid off get their jobs back.

MEL:

Contemplating a career change, Serena?

SERENA:

There's a lot of opportunities, if you know when to take them.

BRINSLEY:

Not really me, though, is it? But I did have one idea.

MEL:

Go on?

BRINSLEY:

Even without Warfleet, the tech that enabled us to link all the computers is still there.

MEL:

Yes, I suppose so –

BRINSLEY:

So maybe I could find some way for computers to link up everywhere in the world. Like a big network. An international network.

DOCTOR:

(QUIETLY) An "internet"?

BRINSLEY:

Might need some help, though, Mel, if you're –

MEL:

I'm afraid I'm already gainfully employed. And besides, an 'international network'? I can't see it catching on.

118: INT. EMPEROR DALEK CHAMBER.

FX: FADE UP. WEAK DALEK HEARTBEAT. DUST OCCASIONALLY FALLING FROM CEILING.

CELIA:

Emperor? Are you there? Hello? Emperor?

DALEK EMPEROR:

(WEAK, DYING) Celia Dunthorpe.

CELIA:

As you can see, I survived. If a little the worse for wear.

DALEK EMPEROR:

You are close to death.

CELIA:

Not as close as you. You see, I think it's time someone made you Daleks pull your socks up. This lady is taking charge, and she is not for turning. I'm going to be your new Prime Minister!

THE END